Jos D Armitage Esq

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THE TWO RIVERS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

Slowly the hour hand of the clock moves round;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
To see it move. Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
The slumbrous watchman wakes and strikes the hour,
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

II.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
I do not care to follow in thy flight
The faded leaves that on thy bosom drift!
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song;
Still follow, follow, sure to meet the sun,
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending
Thy voice with other voices far away.
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,
And torrent-like, thy force on pebbles spending,
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.
Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels—these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing
Between thy narrow adamantine walls,
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing,
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!
It is the mystery of the unknown
That fascinates us; we are children still,
Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our own,
And with the other, resolute of will,
Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

COURTESY AT HOME.

There is an element about most exotics which is more or less displeasing. They are surrounded by an atmosphere which impresses the observer with associations of restraint and artifice. This is certainly true of exotic courtesy, which is the direct opposite of the virtue of which we have now to speak. Courtesy which is not home-bred may seem, like a hot-house plant from the tropics, to be very fully developed, very luxuriant, and almost over-poweringly pungent; but take away its artificial adjuncts, expose it to the rough weather of everyday life, and it withers away, just as a gorgeous and expensive stove plant, when banished from the conservatory and exposed to the frosty air, becomes ugly and repulsive in comparison with the commonest field-flower. By courtesy at home we do not mean the courtesy which is shown at home to guests, but that which is exhibited to the inmates of home in every day life. On the other hand, in speaking of exotic courtesy we mean that form of civility which is rather an occasional effort than an habitual custom. It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them, decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. We have known men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of education, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relapsed on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word, but, taking the expression in its ordinary social acceptation, we fear it must be granted that in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not, perhaps, relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by irony, sarcasm, taciturnity, and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact that the refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable.

Our own is an age of moderation. We are expected to be moderate in religion, in politics, and in everything else; and we have a noble example of moderation set us by the youth of the present day in the indulgence of courtesy. A very courteous man is now considered a bore in gay, and a humbug, in grave, society. What a miserable thing is civility in comparison with the charms of chaff, and how insincere is he who treats ladies with deferential politeness. Such appears to be the current creed, though there may be a certain number of nonconformists. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continual use; whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil. People often confuse courtesy with humbug because they imagine that it necessarily implies personal esteem and respect. Where, therefore, they observe a deferential manner in the absence of personal esteem and respect, they immediately suspect humbug. In this they are mistaken. A judge may be perfectly courteous to the murderer whom he is sentencing to be hanged, and the head-master of a public school may show formal politeness to his pupils in the disciplinary interviews which he has with them "after school;" but neither functionary would thereby lay himself open to the charge of being a humbug. Then there are persons who are so utterly devoid of any innate courtesy that they are incredulous of its existence in others; and, when they meet with it, they mistake it for humbug. It must be admitted however, that there are occasions when skepticism is quite legitimate. For instance, when we see ostentatious displays of affection and respect on the part of husbands toward their wives, or parents toward their children, in public, we are apt to form our own opinion of their private life, shrewdly suspecting that this profusion of good things is not an everyday affair. We recommend to the clergy "rude papas" as a subject for a course of sermons. "Nagging mammas" might form a second series. To treat your children like servants or retrievers, whose highest duty is to fetch and carry, is not the surest means of indoctrinating them with the virtue of courtesy. It may be considered a superannuated idea that husbands and wives ought to treat each other with any semblance of ceremony; but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that the opposite tendency is carried rather to an excess just at present. It may be a prejudice to think that there can possibly be anything objectionable in smoking cigarettes in ladies' drawing-rooms and *boudoirs*; but there always will be some people who lag behind their times. There is surely a sufficiently wide margin between treating a husband as an entire stranger and calling him a beast; but it seems too narrow for some ladies to discover. Among brothers and sisters a little harmless banter is perfectly admissable, and even, perhaps, desirable; but a family whose members are always snapping at each other in the style at present approved as clever, both in fiction and in reality, can scarcely be upheld as a model of courtesy at home. Both among brothers and sisters and husband and wives, a great deal of talk which begins with chaff ends in rudeness. In society conventional politeness sets certain limits to *repartee*, but at home there are no such barriers. In private life, when the more refined weapons of conversational dispute fail, the combatants are apt to resort to vulgar personal abuse. Servants could sometimes tell curious stories about the courtesy of their employers at home, or rather their want of it. There are ladies renowned for their charming manners in society who use their maids as safety-valves for the innate rudeness which they contrive to repress and conceal in public. Doubtless they are hurt when, in dressing their heads, their maids drag the hair with the brush; but that is no excuse for pretty mouths permitting ugly words to escape from them. The master may be very fond of his horse, but, after speaking to the animal in tones of the gentlest affection, it is scarcely the sign of a courteous gentleman to swear at the groom because his stirrup leathers are too short.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone, it is not well to throw aside too freely the restraints and observances of social usage. We do not hesitate to say that no one can, when alone, discard all customary forms and ceremonies in dress, meals, or the like, without incurring danger of self-degradation. A man who neglects his toilette when he is going to spend the evening in his own society is decidedly wanting in self-respect, and the bachelor who only makes his room comfortable and attractive when he expects visitors, must be pronounced unworthy of promotion to the more dignified state of life to which all bachelors presumably aspire.

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself to be decidedly homely.—*Madame de Staël.*

From the Woman's Journal.

BRANDED.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

"It wont last long! Can you bear it baby?" and with a wild look in her great brown eyes, she clasped the wee thing tighter to her breast, and went rapidly toward the rocky ledge that hung over the ocean. She had played here a thousand times in her childhood; had watched the tide creep lazily in and out on a summer's day, or wild and tempestuous, dash ships with their precious lives upon the rocks.

The ocean was like a lover. It could be all things.

"Will it be very cold for the baby—my baby—his baby? Will he mind it much?" The birds sang sweetly, and the baby cooed, and the mild spring air brought up the breath of the violets. For a moment she faltered. If life were only birds and blossoms, but it was not, and with a last kiss on her baby, and a death-like grasp, a leap, a struggle, and all was over.

Missing!

Grace Reeverly was missing, but the ocean told no tales.

The little Atlantic village was stirred from centre to circumference. A lovely girl, confiding in nature, and pure as the snow, she had been the pet and pride of the townsfolk. Her voice was clearest in the choir of the little church; her hand was gentlest on the head of the poorest and roughest child, and the village school-master thought she repaid his teachings a thousand fold by her intelligence.

There had come a young physician of good family to the town, a young man of manly physique and agreeable manners.

Acquaintance grew into love, and the good people looked on with joy, that providentially their loved one had found one worthy of her. He had been trained in city ways. Either woman was not a sacred thing to him, or matching her artlessness with his art, he judged wrongly when he tested her virtue by her self-forgetting love. Perhaps it was not true, as Buffon says, that "every person has his price." All may not fall under the strongest temptation, but most err, because they blindly trust a leader who leads over a precipice. Is there no remedy? Mothers must do more than they have. Girls must know that life is full of quicksands, and boys, that virtue is of God, and the destroyer of it, if not always punished here, will meet a deserved hell hereafter.

Missing! The whole town knew the story; how he had deserted her, claiming that a woman who could be won was unworthy of him; how the day for the bridal came and went; how Grace and her aged mother wept and prayed; how, when the baby came, she hid its darling face against her breast, so that nobody ever looked upon it save the mother, for beautiful though it was, it had his face; how the spring-time came and the fresh May mornings, but no color came to whitened cheeks but a strange, unusual brilliancy into her eyes, and then the old mother was alone!

Everybody was questioned, but nobody had seen her. The aged mother crept down to the ocean day after day, but the tide came in bringing only sea-weed and empty shells. One morning, far up the beach, kindly hidden from sun and storm, under a clump of trees, some boys at play found the missing ones. Her child was held fast in her arms. The sea-weed was wound in and out as though to bind the hands still closer, lest the weakness of death unlock them and let go her treasure.

The town had a common sorrow. At the burial, the little church was crowded. All the way to the grave yard that lay just above the sea, where the waves sang constantly to the sleepers, there was an unbroken procession. From that day, no woman ever spoke to the young physician. He walked the streets unnoticed. He carried himself less proudly. Circumstances would compel him to seek another home. "Strange that in a country town a woman was so highly prized," he thought. The world was not all thus.

The aged mother soon lay beside Grace and her baby.

The good ship Betsy heaves in sight. The news went like wildfire through the town. The whaler of Captain Reeverly (Grace's only brother) had been on a ten years' cruise. The crew were wild with joy, swung their handkerchiefs long before they got into port, hardly waiting for the plank, and fairly embracing every person who came within their reach. The people whispered among themselves. Who could tell the Captain what those ten years had brought? Nobody! After a few hurried directions, the bluff and generous-hearted Captain started eagerly toward the dear, old home. The old lady in the next house had stolen over, unlocked the door and gone back again. How light his step was as he went over the threshold. How natural everything looked.

"Mother! Gracie!"

No answer.

"Not a very warm welcome to a homeless fellow ten years away!" he said. The old lady had crept in.

"Your mother's gone, Captain. I hoped you'd heerd on't afore you got here. Wonderful good woman! Such clean house, and so good to me! She was allas askin' me to a cup o' tea. Never had nothin' go to my heart so since my John died!"

"And where's Grace?"

"She and her baby's lyin' aside her!" and then, between her sobs, the kind old woman told the pitiful story.

George Reeverly's eyes grew very black, and his lips very white. He went straightway to the new graves, and with curses in his heart, he wept like a child. And that man had been the cause! There was much talk in the village, but the Captain kept his own thoughts.

The Betsy was ready much sooner than usual for the next trip. The Captain never seemed so anxious to be away from the town. Some lumber was laid in, with extra quantities of corn, potatoes, and unground flour, but why, the men could not divine. The night for starting came. There was a knock at the door of the young physician, who was just preparing to leave the village.

"You are to go on a journey;" said the Captain. Take your clothes and books if you want 'em."

The young man struggled, but sailors arms were too strong, and he was hurried on to the ship. From that time on, no one spoke to him save when a sailor was commanded to print in India ink across his forehead, so that the world might read, "This man robs womanhood," and, on either hand, that it might be forever in his sight, the word "Grace."

That was an indescribable journey. Going away from kindred he knew not whither, but he had sent another on a longer journey. The days wore away in bitter sting thoughts. What was their plan for him? How could he ever appear before the world, branded as he was? Would they bury him in the ocean, where no law could reach them because the world would say his penalty was just? What would life amount to if he lived? Where would it be spent? He slept and ate little. Lines were growing along his brow and about his eyes.

After weeks of anguish an island came in sight. Thither the ship turned her course and stopped. It was a desolate place, with no sign of habitation for man or beast. Rock-bound, the ocean washed up with the same sound it used to have against the cliff, where Grace and he had so often sat, and from whence she went to her death. There was a solitary clump of trees, just like the spot where they found her body. Must everything remind him of her?

The lumber was taken out. Then quick hands fashioned a rude shelter. Sufficient food was placed in the hut, and seed for planting. Then as the Betsy made ready for starting, the Captain said, in a cold, hard way, "This is to be your home! Remember!"

"Great God! No!" gasped the young man, "kill me! Do anything rather than this death by inches. I shall go wild!"

"Another went wild for you!" and the Betsy moved out from her barren moorings, and there was only the far off sky, the limitless ocean and the desolate waste whereon he stood.

Should he kill himself? A man who robs another of life usually has not the courage to rob himself. We are creatures of necessity. We accept what we must. With faltering steps he walked around his prison. There was not one thing to love, not a flower, or bird, only the monotone of the sea that had no kinship with joy.

Tired, broken, an old man in a day, he flung himself down in his hut to sleep. Nature is kind, even to her enemies, and he slept. He dreamed that he and Grace sat again on the headland, and she talked, in her purity and trust, of her confidence in him, her belief that he could do no wrong; of their peaceful and blessed future, and of the joy her brother would feel when he came home, for he so reverenced a noble man. How pretty their home should be down where they could hear the waters as they heard them on the cliff. She was prettier than ever he thought; her hand so smooth and white as he held it, and her cheeks so delicately tinged with red. She trusted in him too fully; would that she doubted him a little, only that he might show her how true he was! Then the scene changed, and he was away on a far-off journey, longing to get to her, but an ocean rolled between. Every vessel he essayed to enter sank, and some were far away or would not come, though he hailed them ever so loudly. He cried out in an agony of despair, when a voice, just like that of Grace, said sweetly, "I am come to you!" and looking up, an angel stood beside him, and it was Grace. Her hand touched his forehead. He reached out to clasp her in his arms and awoke. He was alone; alone on a barren island in the middle of the ocean, but he never forgot that touch of her hand.

The hours and the days and the months, and the years crept by with a snail's pace. He planted the corn that burst through the ground and took on blade and tasseled ear, with no eye to see it save God's. He read and reread his few books, and thought; but oh, the desolateness of such a life! Death would have been a mercy, but death did not come. Every morning and evening were the same. Sabbath and week days were alike to him. No word was heard. He forgot the sound of his own voice. Year after year he strained his eyes for a sail, but there was never one in sight. Oh, to look upon one living thing; to see once more one human face!

Five years went by, and a sail was in sight. With an intensity almost suicidal, he watched the ship draw nigh. Fears mingled with his hopes. It was no doubt the Betsy, but what would that bring to him. She could not bring worse than she had brought. She came alongside, dropped anchor it seemed only for a minute, when the captain handed him some books and said, in the old hard way, "Remember!" the only word spoken, and the Betsy was soon lost in the horizon. His heart died within him, but he had seen a face once more, thank God for that, if only of a bitter enemy!"

His hair was grown quite white. He was older by thirty years than when he came. How much longer could this last? He hoped when he died, it would be under the clump of bushes like those where they found Grace. Eternity alone must wash out those India brands on his hands and forehead. His steps grew feebler year by year. It was a terrible expiation of a terrible sin. To rob Womanhood was to rob God!

At last another five years had gone by. Ten years silent commune with God and nature had wrought a great change. He could bear now whatever came, but there could not be long to bear it.

Again the old ship Betsy came in sight. Calm, unruffled as a man who knows he is going home, whether he knows the route or not, he waited for the familiar ship. The captain took in all at a glance.

"Shall I go home to die?"

"Yes."

"I should like to see the grave of Grace and her baby once more."

The incoming voyage was shorter than the outgoing, but not short enough for the weary man to reach the desired haven. They were nearing port.

"I have asked and received forgiveness," said the dying man. "I want yours also. It is Grace's hand! I feel it just as in my dream. She has come for me. I have but one wish, to lie beside her!"

"It shall be as you wish." And the captain's hand pressed warmly the cold hand of death.

The Betsy came in with flags at half mast. The villagers did not see the brand which repentance had washed out for heaven, but not for earth. And they buried him by the side of Grace.

SWAPPED HEARTS.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

BONAPARTE'S MANNER.—Generally the speeches of Bonaparte were lucid and sparkling; they were concise, vigorous, full of power and sense, but wanting in feeling. The impression excited by this young man was a painful admiration; the mind was dazed by the superiority of his talents, but the heart felt oppressed. There was not to be found in him any trace of that generous magnanimity that forestalls confidence, and forms the most beautiful feature in the character of heroes. * * * Among the personages met in the different scenes just described, Bonaparte alone seemed to possess the habits and easy air given by frequenting society. His smooth auburn hair was dressed in a cue, it was not powdered, and hung very low over his forehead and the sides of his face; his eyes were red with fatigue. He had the smooth sallow coloring that physiologists state to belong to melancholy temperament, and is, in their opinion, an index of the greatest powers of mind. Lastly, as said before, he was quite destitute of gentleness or grace. His actions and words always bore the impress of a harsh arrogance, making his superiority always felt, but by making others ill at ease. As he was going away the Marquis Henry somewhat happily expressed the painful feeling he had experienced. "General," was his departing speech, "why cannot men love you as much as they are compelled to esteem and admire you?" —*Recollections of the Marquis de Beauregard.*

REASONS FOR WOMEN SMOKING.—There are some reasons why smoking would be an especial advantage for women. Their lives are usually made up of an infinity of small cares. They would find that a thousand petty troubles would vanish in the cloud curling up from a good cigar. The departure of the cook three hours before a dinner party would be viewed with less poignant regret if seen through a bluish gray haze of tobacco-smoke. Sorrow over a chimney that won't "draw" can be counteracted by joy over a cigar that will. Then, when the day's work is done and husband and wife are sitting cozily together by the fire, a mutual smoke would bring them closer to each other and would tend to create between them that hearty good-fellowship which is now sometimes wanting. Popular prejudice forbids a woman to puff a cigar on the street or anywhere in public, but individual prejudice keeps a great many men from doing the same thing. It is doubtful whether any one has a right to pollute the air of a place set apart for public use. But in the privacy of home, or at the close of a dinner party, why should not both sexes indulge in the universal narcotic stimulant? Would not the ordinary chatter of society be changed into something better under the influence of the grave kindliness that is born of a quiet smoke? And then, as a self-defensive apparatus, as the husband often eats onions because the wife does, would it not be perfect?—*Chicago Tribune.*

OUTWITTING A CONGREGATION.—Old Dr. Strong of Hartford was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had invited a young minister to preach for him who proved rather a dull speaker and whose sermon was unusually long. The people became wearied, and as Dr. Strong lived near the bridge, about the time for the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared that they should hear the same young man in the afternoon. Gathering up his wits he said to the young minister: "My brother across the river is very feeble and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people, and if you will do so I will give you a note to him, and will be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me, and I want you to preach the same sermon you preached to my people, this morning." The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Dr. Strong's people, and they had to listen one hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon that they heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would never undertake to run away from Dr. Strong again.

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The first notice that was taken of me when I "settled down," recently, was by a gentleman who said he was an assessor, and connected with the United States Internal Revenue Department. I said I had never heard of his branch of business before, but I was very glad to see him, all the same—would he sit down? He sat down. I did not know anything particular to say, and yet I felt that people who have arrived at the dignity of keeping house must be conversational, must be easy and sociable in company. So in default of anything else to say, I asked him if he was opening his shop in our neighborhood. He said he was. (I did not wish to appear ignorant, but I *had* hoped he would mention what he had for sale.)

I ventured to ask him "how was trade?" and he said "So-so."

I then said we would drop in, and if we liked his house as well as any other, we would give him our custom.

He said he thought we would like his establishment well enough to confine ourselves to it—said he never saw anybody who would go off and hunt another man in his line after trading with him once.

That sounded pretty complacent, but barring that natural expression of villiany which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

I do not know how it came about, exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along as comfortably as clock work.

We talked, and talked, and talked—at least I did. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed—at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me—I had my native shrewdness turned on, "full head," as the engineers say. I was determined to find out all about his business, in spite of his obscure answers—and I determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to trap him with a deep, deep ruse. I would tell him all about my own business, and he would naturally so warm to me during this seductive burst of confidence that he would forget himself and tell me all about his affairs before he suspected what I was about. I thought to myself, my son, you little know what an old fox you are dealing with. I said:

"Now you never would guess what I made lecturing, this winter and last spring?"

"No—don't believe I could, to save me. Let me see—let me see. About two thousand dollars maybe? But no—no, sir, I know you couldn't have made that much. Say seventeen hundred, maybe?"

"Ha-ha! I know you couldn't. My lecturing receipts for last spring and this winter were fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. What do you think of that?"

"Why it is amazing—perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say this wasn't all?"

"Ah! Why, bless you, there was my income from the Buffalo *Express* for four months—about—about—well, what should you say to about eight thousand dollars, for instance?"

"Say! Why I should just like to see myself rolling in such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll make a note of it. Why, man!—and on the top of this I am to understand that you had still more income?"

"Ha-ha-ha! Why, you're only in the suburbs of it, so to speak. There's my book, 'The Innocents Abroad'—price $3.50 to $5.00, according to binding. Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of sales before that,—but just simply during the four months and a half ending March 15, 1870, we've sold ninety-five thousand copies of that book. Ninety-five thousand copies! Think of it! Average four dollars a copy, say. Its nearly four hundred thousand dollars, my son. I get half!"

"The suffering Moses! I'll set *that* down. Fourteen seven-fifty—eight—two hundred. Total, say—well, upon my word the grand total is about two hundred and thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. *Is* that possible.

"Possible!" "If there's no mistake it's the other way. Two hundred and fourteen thousand, and cash, is my income for this year if I know how to cipher."

Then the gentleman got up to go. It came over me the most uncomfortably that maybe I had made revelations for nothing, besides being flattered into stretching them considerably by the stranger's astonished exclamations. But no; at the last moment the gentlemen handed me a large envelope and said it contained his advertisement; and that I would find out all about his business in it; and that he would be happy to have my custom—would, in fact, be proud to have the custom of a man of such prodigious income, and that he used to think that there were several wealthy men in Buffalo, but when they come to trade with him he discovered that they barely had enough to live on; and that in truth it had been such a weary, weary age since he had seen a rich man face to face, and talked with him, and touched him with his hands, that he could hardly refrain from embracing me—in fact, would esteem it a great favor if I would *let* him embrace me.

This so pleased me that I did not try to resist, but allowed this simple-hearted stranger to throw his arms about me and weep a few tranquilizing tears down the back of my neck. Then he went his way.

As soon as he was gone, I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then called up the cook and said:

"Hold me while I faint. Let Maria turn the batter-cakes."

By and by, when I came to, I sent down to the rum-mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse that stranger, and give me a lift occasionally in the day time when I came to a hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was. His "advertisement" was nothing in the world but a wicked tax return—a string of impertinent questions about my private affairs occupying the best part of four foolscap pages of fine print—questions, I may remark, gotten up with such marvelous ingenuity that the oldest man in the world couldn't understand what the most of them were driving at—questions, too, that were calculated to make a man report about four times his actual income to keep from swearing to a lie. I looked for a loophole, but there did not appear to be any. Inquiry No. 1 covered my case, as generously and ample as an umbrella could cover an ant hill:

"What were your profits, in 1869, from any trade, business or vocation, wherever carried on?"

And that inquiry was backed up by thirteen others of an equally searching nature, the most modest of which required information as to whether I had committed any burglary, highway robbery, or by any arson or other source of emolument, had acquired property which was not enumerated in my statement of income as set opposite to inquiry No. 1.

It was plain that that stranger had enabled me to make an ass of myself. It was very, very plain, and I went out and hired another artist. By working on my vanity the stranger had seduced me into declaring an income of $214,000. By law, $1,000 of this was exempt from income tax—the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. At the legal five per cent., I must pay over to the government the appalling sum of ten thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, income tax.

(I may remark, in this place, that I did not do it.)

I am acquainted with a very opulent man, whose house is a palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed by the revenue returns; and to him I went for advice in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and presto! I was a pauper! It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply by defly manipulating the "*deduction*." He set down my "State, National and municipal taxes" at so much; my "losses by shipwreck, fire, etc.," at so much; my "losses on sales of real estate,"—on "live stock sold"—on "payments for rent of homestead"—"repairs, improvements, interest" on "previously taxed salary as an officer of the United States army, navy, revenue service," and other things. He got astonishing "deductions" out of each, and every one of these matters—each and every one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper, and I saw at a glance that during the year 1869 my income, in the way of profits, had been *one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars.*

"Now," said he, "the thousand dollars are exempt by law. What you want to do is to go and swear this document in, and pay tax on the two hundred and fifty dollars."

(While he was making this speech his little boy Willie lifted a two dollar greenback out of his pocket and vanished with it, and I bet anything that if my stranger were to call on that little boy to-morrow, he would make a false return of his income.)

"Do you," said I, "Do you always work up the 'deductions' after this fashion in your case, sir?"

"Well, I should say so. If it weren't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of 'Deductions' I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyranical government."

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of Buffalo—the men of moral weight, of commercial integrity, of unimpeachable social spotlessness—and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eyes of my old visitor I stood up and swore to lie after lie, fraud after fraud, villiany after villiany, till my immortal soul was coated inches and inches and inches thick with perjury, and my self respect was gone forever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the highest, and richest, and proudest, and most respected, honored and courted men in America do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed. I shall simply, for the present, talk little and wear fire proof gloves, lest I fall into certain habits irrevocably.

STONEWALL JACKSON ON "CROSSING THE RIVER."

When Stonewall Jackson a-dying lay,
And his wound, with its fever, wrought
Strange freaks in the brain that had held at bay
The foe with its martial thought,
And they bent to hearken his closing words,
Ere to voyage the unknown seas,
He should pass to peace from the clash of swords,
The words which they heard were these:
"Come let us cross over the river,
And rest in the shade of the trees."

His thoughts were away from that field of gloom,
From the warring of friends and foes,
To the valley green of his boyhood's home,
Where the Shenandoah flows;
In fancy again to the forests old
That border its bluffs and leas,
His war-worn eyes in their anguish rolled,
And he prayed for their rest and ease:
"Come, let us cross over the river,
And rest in the shade of the trees."

They hearkened again, in their rapt desire
That lips would at last let fall
Some sentences fraught with heroic fire
That might serve as a battle-call.
But his days of strife were a by-gone dream;
He felt on his brow the breeze
Of his native woods, and he marked the stream
Of his boyish tasks and glees,
And he wished but to cross the river,
And rest in the shade of the trees.

And he came not out of that blissful dream,
As shortened his feeble breath,
And his soul drew into the sombre stream
That waters the shores of death;
But a childish pleasure passed softly o'er
The face ere its lines could freeze;
And, before he parted, he sighed once more
Those words like a passing breeze,
"Come, let us cross over the river,
And rest in the shade of the trees."

A tenderer thought, like a zephyr plays
In the words of the dying chief,
Than though he had uttered some famous phrase
Of weighty and stern belief;
For what lovelier boon, after war's hot breath
And a life devoid of ease,
Than a mild return to our childhood's faith,
When the simplest things could please,
And then to cross over the river,
And rest in the shade of the trees?

The Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland has just obtained from its Committee on Sabbath Observance a report which contains the following paragraph: "From different parts of the country accounts continue to be received of the great amount of *Sabbath walking* which prevails; unscriptural views of the nature of the Sabbath are widely prevalent; continental practices are becoming more common in Scotland. The scattering of the population during the months of summer and autumn has in many cases an evil influence indirectly on Sabbath observance. There are many things done by some of the church membership when away from home which they would never do when at home." We are anxious to know what the Free Church people want persons to do on Sunday. If they are opposed to walking, of course they regard riding as sinful. But if persons can neither ride nor walk they must sit still. This would involve two evils. Persons who sit still [illegible] enter the edifice on Saturday night and sleep in the pews. And if they stay at home and eat a Sunday's dinner without taking exercise some of them will suffer during the week from that dyspepsia which is one of the Devil's inventions for ruining temper and destroying domestic peace. We should like to know what the Free Church Assembly thinks about the Saviour's walking on the Sabbath.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE POPE.—In 1860 two young Frenchmen, one a sincere Roman Catholic, and the other a pronounced Free Thinker, obtained an audience with the Pope. The reception being ended, the Pope inquired if any of those around him desired to ask him anything. Some had brought rosaries and medals to be blessed, while others requested some memento or token from the Holy Father. The Free Thinker alone stood silent and unmoved. The Pope, attracted by the strangely indifferent demeanor of the young man approached and said: "And you, my son, have you nothing to ask of me?" "Nothing, your Holiness." "Really nothing," asked the Pope. "Nothing," was the reply. "My son," he he continued, "does your father still live?" "Yes, your Holiness." "And your mother?" "My mother is dead." "Well then, my son, since you have nothing to ask of me, I have a request to make to you." After a moment's silence, he added: "Say a Paternoster and Ave Maria for the soul of your mother. Will you do me the favor of kneeling with me." The Pope knelt and the young man did the same. When the latter arose his face was bathed in tears, and he left the Pope's presence in great agitation.

DEATH AND AFTER.—The following is an extract from the address of Socrates to the judges who condemned him:—

"Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated, and we have no sensation whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from the one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were, a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. * * * But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from those who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such other demi-gods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musaeus, Hesiod and Homer? I should, indeed, be willing to die often if this be true!"

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.—It is not generally known, even in cultivated circles, that the amount of arable soil in America is greater than in Europe, Asia, and Africa put together, and can therefore sustain more lives. This is no rash conclusion. We speak from a scientific basis, and will show you what that basis is: Our continent is narrow, and therefore the winds of the ocean water it well. The mountain chains of the American continent are low; on the east side of the Old World, are high. From this it results that the trade winds, laden with the wetness of the sea, are attracted to our land.

The breadth of the Old World and its high eastern ranges cause the rainless interiors of Asia and Africa. Our plains run north and south and so attract and receive the rains. America is high under the equator, the Old World is wide, hence with us a small surface is exposed to the scorching sun. The result is that the productive soil in the Old World is 10,000,000 square miles, and in the New 11,000,000. Thus bursts upon us in all the light of scientific truth the fact that America can sustain a greater population than the Old World, and if she can, it is unquestionable that some day she will.

William Boyle, of Philadelphia, about 70 years old, is probably the oldest hearse driver, in point of service, in the country, having driven for one undertaking firm 31 years, and 14 years for others. During all the 45 years, he has attended at least three funerals a day. He drove John Quincy Adams' body through Philadelphia, and also at the funerals in that city of Zachary Taylor, President Lincoln and Vice President Wilson. The greatest funeral at which he ever officiated was that of John Price Wetherill, at which time he headed a procession of 300 carriages.

FAITH OF THE FUTURE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Worship is the regard for what is above us. Men are respectacle only as they respect. We delight in children because of that religious eye which belongs to them; because of their reverence for their seniors, and for their objects of belief. The poor Irish laborer one sees with respect, because he believes in something, in his church, and in his employers. Superstitious persons we see with respect, because their whole existence is not bounded by their hats and their shoes; but they walk attended by pictures of the imagination, to which they pay homage. You cannot impoverish man by taking away these objects above him without ruin. It is very sad to see men who think their goodness made of themselves; it is very grateful to see those who hold an opinion the reverse of this. The old poet Daniel said:

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

All ages of belief have been great; all of unbelief have been mean. The Orientals believe in Fate. That which shall befall them is written on the iron leaf; they will not turn on their heel to avoid famine, plague, or the sword of the enemy. That is great, and gives a great air to the people. We in America are charged with a great deficiency in worship; that reverence does not belong to our character; that our institutions, our politics, and our trade, have fostered a self-reliance which is small, lilliputian, full of fuss and bustle; we look at and will bear nothing above us in the state, and do exceedingly applaud and admire ourselves, and believe in our senses and understandings, while our imagination and our moral sentiment are desolated. In religion, too, we want objects above; we are fast losing or have already lost our old reverence; new views of inspiration, of miracles, of the saints, have supplanted the old opinions, and it is vain to bring them again. Revolutions never go backward, and in all churches a certain decay of ancient piety is lamented, and all threatens to lapse into apathy and indifferentism. It becomes us to consider whether we cannot have a real faith and real objects in lieu of these false ones. The human mind, when it is trusted, is never false to itself. If there be sincerity and good meaning—if there be really in us the wish to seek for our superiors, for that which is lawfully above us, we shall not long look in vain.

Meantime there is great centrality, a centripetence equal to the centrifugence. The mystic or theist is never scared by any startling materialism. He knows the laws of gravitation and of repulsion are deaf to French talkers, be they never so witty. If theology shows that opinions are fast changing, it is not so with the convictions of men with regard to conduct. These remain. The most daring heroism, the most accomplished culture, or rapt holiness, never exhausted the claim of these lowly duties—never penetrated to their origin, or was able to look behind their source. We cannot disenchant, we cannot impoverish ourselves, by obedience; but by humility we rise, by obedience we command, by poverty we are rich, by dying we live.

We are thrown back on rectitude forever and ever, only rectitude—to mend one; that is all we can do. But *that* the zealot stigmatizes as a sterile chimney-corner philosophy. Now, the first position I make is that natural religion supplies still all the facts which are disguised under the dogma of popular creeds. The progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals.

How is the new generation to be edified? How should it not? The life of those once omnipotent traditions was really not in the legend, but in the moral sentiment and the metaphysical fact which the legends enclose—and these survive. A new Socrates, or Zeno, or Swedenborg, or Pascal, or a new crop of geniuses like those of the Elizabethan age, may be born in this age, and, with happy heart and a bias for theism, bring asceticism, duty, and magnanimity, into vogue again.

It is true that Stoicism, always attractive to the intellectual and cultivated, has now no temples, no academy, no commanding Zeno or Antoninus. It accuses us that it has none; that pure ethics is not now formulated and concreted into a cultus, a fraternity with assemblings and holy-days, with song and book, with brick and stone. Why have not those who believe in it and love it left all for this, and dedicated themselves to write out its scientific scriptures to become its vulgate for millions? I answer for one that the inspirations we catch of this law are not continuous and technical, but joyful sparkles, and are recorded for their beauty, for the delight they give, not for their obligation; and that is their priceless good to men, that they charm and uplift, not that they are imposed.

It has not yet its first hymn. But, that every line and word may be coals of true fire, ages must roll, ere these casual wide-falling cinders can be gathered into broad and steady altar-flame. It does not yet appear what forms the religious feeling will take. It prepares to rise out of all forms to an absolute justice and healthy perception. Here is now a new feeling of humanity infused in public action. Here is contribution of money on a more extended and systematic scale than ever before to repair public disasters at a distance, and of political support to oppressed parties. Then there are the new conventions of social science, before which the questions of the rights of women, the laws of trade, the treatment of crime, regulation of labor. If these are tokens of the steady currents [illegible] rections, one might well anticipate a new nation.

I know how delicate this principle is—how difficult to adaptation to practical and social arrangements. It cannot be profaned; it cannot be forced; to draw it out of its natural current is to lose at once all its power. Such experiments as we recall are those in which some sect or dogma made the tie, and that was an artificial element, which chilled and checked the union. But is it quite impossible to believe that men should be drawn to each other by the simple respect which each man feels for another in whom he discovers absolute honesty; the respect he feels for one who thinks life is quite too coarse and frivolous, and that he should like to lift it a little, should like to be the friend of some man's virtue; for another who, underneath his compliances with artificial society, would dearly like to serve somebody—to test his own reality by making himself useful and indispensable?

Man does not live by bread alone, but by faith, by admiration, by sympathy. 'Tis very shallow to say that cotton, or iron, or silver and gold, are kings of the world; there are rulers that will at any moment make these forgotten. Fear will. Love will. Character will. Men live by their credence. Governments stand by it—by the faith that the people share—whether it comes from the religion in which they were bred, or from an original conscience in themselves, which the popular religion echoes. If government could only stand by force, if the instinct of the people was to resist the government, it is plain the government must be two to one, in order to be secure, and then it would not be safe from desperate individuals. But no; the old commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," holds down New York, and London, and Paris, and not a police, or horse-guards.

The credence of men it is that moulds them, and creates at will one or another surface. The mind as it opens transfers very fast its choice from the circumstance to the cause; from courtesy to love, from inventions to science, from London or Washington law, or public opinion, to the self-revealing idea; from all that talent executes to the sentiment that fills the heart and dictates the future of nations.

The commanding fact which I never do not see, is the sufficiency of the moral sentiment. We buttress it up, in shallow hours or ages, with legends, traditions, and forms, each good for the moment in which it was a happy type or symbol of the power, but the power sends in the next moment a new lesson, which we lose while our eyes are reverted and striving to perpetuate the old.

America shall introduce a pure religion. Ethics are thought not to satisfy affection. But all the religion we have is the ethics of one or another holy person; as soon as character appears, be sure love will, and veneration, and anecdotes, and fables about him, and delight of good men and women in him. And what deeps of grandeur and beauty are known to us in ethical truth, what divination or insight belongs to it! For innocence is a wonderful electuary for purging the eyes to search the nature of those souls that pass before it. What armor is it to protect the good from outward or inward harm, and with what power it converts evil accidents into benefits; the power of its countenance; the power of its presence! To it alone comes true friendship; to it come grandeur of situation and poetic perception, enriching all it deals with.

Once men thought spirit divine, and matter diabolic; one Ormuzd, the other Ahriman. Now science and philosophy recognize the parallelism, the approximation, the unity of the two; how each reflects the other as face answers to face in a glass; nay, how the laws of both are one, or how one is the realization. We are learning not to fear truth.

The man of this age must be matriculated in the university of sciences and tendencies flowing from all past periods. He must not be one who can be surprised and shipwrecked by every bold or subtle word which malignant and acute men may utter in his hearing, but should be taught all skepticisms and unbeliefs, and made the destroyer of all card-houses and paper walls, and the sifter of all opinions, by being put face to face from his infancy with reality.

A man who has accustomed himself to look at all his circumstances as very mutable, to carry his possessions, his relations to persons, and even his opinions in his hand, and in all these to pierce to the principle and moral law, and everywhere to find that—has put himself out of the reach of all skepticism; and it seems as if whatever is most affecting and sublime in our intercourse, in our happiness, and in our losses, tended steadily to uplift us to a life so extraordinary, and one might say, superhuman. —"*Sovereignty of Ethics,*" in *North American Review.*

HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.—A great deal might be written and said against those impolite people one is sure to meet at railway depots, steamboat piers, and other points, who are always pushing, squeezing, and roughly jostling their fellow travellers, with the aim and purpose of securing the best places. As a rule, they are rude and selfish; care nothing for the comforts, nor regarding in the least the rights of their neighbors. This hurry and bustle at once proclaims the ill-bred tourist. An English magazine, *The Cornhill*, says:—Watch different orders of persons proceeding to take the train from one place to another. Persons of an inferior condition of life appear to be deeply tormented with the idea that they will fail to catch it. They arrive out of breath, though they are ten minutes before the time fixed for starting. They bustle over the taking of their tickets, they scramble for a place in some carriage or other, the whole business is with them one of haste and disquietude. People of a higher grade, but still of what is ordinarily termed a middle condition of life, do not manifest so much incoherent solicitude as all this. But they are fidgety and uncertain. They trouble themselves and their neighbors, instead of taking the matter quietly as a matter of course. People of fine manners do not exhibit these symptoms of gratuitous distress. They take all reasonable care to be at the station in time, but as they cherish an immovable belief that five minutes are always and invariably of the same length, and that the hour-hand moves no faster even if their own does, they are content to abide by the law of cause and consequence, and entertain no doubt that having given themselves an abundant interval for traversing a well-ascertained distance, it will be accomplished in the period duly allotted to it. There is perfect repose in the taking of their tickets, in the dispatch of their baggage, in the selection of their place. Where in the world is there any necessity for heat, or for that feverish trepidation which accompanies the smaller movements of people who have not learned, to use a not inapt phrase to be met with in a modern poem, that there is nothing so tedious as haste?

A WAY TO PROMOTE TEMPERANCE.—The effort which is being made to root out the rum-shop will be only a partial one if it does not furnish as a substitute some unobjectionable places of resort and refreshment. The necessity is met in London and Liverpool by "cocoa houses," or "coffee taverns," which in those cities are largely patronized, even though coming into direct competition with the "public houses." In London a company has been organized, under the auspices of which number of coffee taverns are now in successful operation. At a recent opening of one at the Seven Dials, which every one knows to be one of the slums of the metropolis, Tom Hughes explained to the crowd of customers the purpose of the enterprise. It undertakes to furnish to all light, comfort, warmth, food, and reading matter, at little cost. Coffee and cocoa are sold at a half-penny a cup, and tea at a penny and two-pence. We are glad to see that the matter is not neglected in New York. It is proposed to establish on the east side of the city a place of resort very nearly patterned after the London example and to be known as the "Workingmen's Club." Lectures and concerts enter into the scheme proposed. An institution of this kind if properly managed, will be of great utility and meet a vital need.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Locker and Mr. Lionel Tennyson took place at Westminster Abbey with all manner of stately ceremony, and in the presence of many of the most distinguished men and women of the British peerage and of British art and literature. There were the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland heading a long list of titled people; then followed Carlyle and Gladstone, and Leckey, the Huxleys, the Froudes, the Tyndalls, the Palgraves, the Arnolds, Swinburne, Henry Irving, Jean Ingelow, Millais, Browning, Du Maurier, and a host of others, wise and accomplished. The wedding was a choral one, all the abbey choir being present. The psalm was chanted to headed by the choir, moved from the body of the church into the sacrarium. The bride was accompanied to the altar by nine bridesmaids. She was daintily attired in white satin and Brussels lace, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds. Queen Victoria sent the young lady an Indian cashmere shawl; the gift of Princess Beatrice was a locket.

When Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, visited England as Ambassador Extraordinary, he was taken to the mint, where it was proposed to show him the process of coining. The first stroke of the lever produced a large medal in gold, eight inches in diameter, representing admirably the profile of the Marshal in uniform. The Master of the Mint begged his acceptance of it. To obtain that surprising result, which so much astonished the Marshal, the director of the establishment had taken the precaution to send to Paris, several months before, a very clever engraver, who collected all the medals, engravings and drawings reproducing the features of the Marshal. The use made of the medal was curious. The Duchess had it made into a small table, which was constantly at the side of her arm-chair. The gold piece was in the centre, imbedded in blue velvet, and surrounded with others of the same material, but smaller in size, which had been struck to commemorate the battles in which the Marshal had taken a part. The whole was covered over with a glass set in a gold rim.

Ruth Southard lives in Plymouth; she is 100 years and eight months old. When a neighbor called the other day she had just finished her weekly washing, and was engaged in making some pillow slips. At the age of 90 Ruth Southard walked to Boston, and since then she has cooked her own meals, done her own work, and pieced 34 bed quilts. "Did I know Daniel Webster?" repeated the old lady; "why, I was born over tew Marshfield. Know Dan Webster! I knew the boy as well as I know my boy Jacob. Dan was a good boy, too; but he went off to Boston, and got to drinkin' and carousin' around, and I don't think he ever amounted to much—anyway, he died poor, they say; and Jacob, he's got quite a handsome property," and the old lady stood up and ran a thread through the eye of a fine needle as easily as she could string a porgy.

THE LAWS OF LIFE.—It is one of the open secrets which seem the more secret because the are so open, that all phenomena displayed by a nation are phenomena of life, and are, without exception, dependent on the laws of life. There is no growth, decay, evil, improvement, or change of any kind going on in the body politic, but has its original cause in the actions of human beings; and there are no actions of human beings but what conform to the laws of life in general, and cannot be truly understood until those laws are understood. We do not hesitate to assert that without a knowledge of the life, and a clear comprehension of the way in which they underlie and determine social growth and organization, the attempted regulation of social life must end in perpetual failures.—*Herbert Spencer.*

PRONOUNCING.—Mr. Labouchere of England declares that he lately went to church, and that being there he was edified by an eccentric exhibition of pronunciation. The well known text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," was so effectually disguised by a ritualistic "priest," as to sound something like, "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw!"

From Scribner's Monthly.

THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

"Here are roses, red and white?"
"Thanks, dear—no.
Nature paints them all too bright."
"Is it so?

"Well, then, take this lily's face."
"Chill it seems.
From its calm and stately grace
Coldness gleams."

"Look—blue violets, you said
They were sweet!"
"Best their sweetness seemeth shed
At our feet."

"Heliotrope, the dearest flower
On the earth!"
"Nay, it fades before an hour,
Little worth!"

"Heart's-ease—that you'll surely keep!"
"If you might
Lay it on my spirit, deep
Ought of sight!"

"So I cannot please your sense;
You implore
One fair gift to carry hence,
One—no more;

"Yet each choicest bud I bring,
You refuse!"
"Sweet, from out their blossoming
Let me choose.

"Kneeling—like love's humblest slave,
Do not start!
Can you guess which flower I crave
Now, sweetheart?"

ODDS AND ENDS.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others.

A Southern negro arrested with chickens in his sack, declared "De man dat put'm dar, was no frou' ob mine."

A French physician recommends lemon juice as a gargle for throat diseases having successfully used it in diphtheria and similar troubles for years.

The real wants of Nature are the measure of employment, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is really necessary, poverty.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your hearts that every day is the best in the year.—*Emerson.*

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon, and night.

A society of ladies has been formed in New York for the purpose of disposing of the handiwork of skilled but unfortunate shop girls and other victims of poverty and adverse circumstances.

Don't let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. To be sure, the bad might be eradicated in after years; but it is easier to sow clean seed than to cleanse dirty wheat.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin.*

One great and kindly thought from a retired and obscure man may live when thrones are fallen and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all in it, even to the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

A woman returning from church recently, declared that "when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion, she didn't know what she should do!"

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be: and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

A sound philosopher once said: "He that thinks innocent pastime foolish has either to grow wiser, or is past the ability to do so; and I have always counted it an impudent fiction that playfulness is inconsistent with greatness. Many men and women have died of dignity."

Science is not a mere acquaintance with physical things—it is a method of knowing, and is as comprehensive as the phenomena of the world we live in. It is not merely knowledge; it is the most perfect form of knowledge, upon all subjects that it is possible to know.—*Prof. E. L. Youmans.*

Harry Dusseault, a Canadian, has accomplished the feat of walking upon water at Taunton, (Mass.) Last Monday evening he walked quarter of a mile on Taunton River in six minutes. He wears a pair of patent shoes, made of tin, about one foot wide and three feet long, in which air is confined, and he makes his way in a kind of skating gait.—*New York Post.*

A West-End tailor, while at Scarborough for his holiday last season, one morning, on emerging from the water, into which he had just taken a "header" from his machine, found himself close to a customer who had long been in his debt. Seizing the opportunity, "I say, sir," he cried, "when are you going to settle my little account?" "O, you shall have it at once," was the ready reply, "if you got my bill with you."

Madame Litvinow is a Russian lady who has just received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Philosophical faculty of the University of Berne. She passed her examination with such brilliancy, especially in the mathematical [illegible] her diploma. This item is commended to the attention of those who do not consider the feminine brain competent for deep study.

Mrs. Thomas Carlyle is described by Miss Emma Stebbins as a "clever, witty, calm, cool, unsmiling, unsparing woman"—so said Miss Charlotte Cushman. Miss Stebbins adds that Mrs. Carlyle was "a remarkably brilliant talker; and the stores of quaint wit and wisdom which she poured forth, the marvellous memory which she displayed, were in the minds of many, quite as remarkable and even more entertaining than the majestic utterances of her gifted husband. It was said that those who came to sit at his feet remained at hers."

Enter young husband, who throws himself into a chair and exclaims: "What! toothache again, Maria! I do call that hard upon a feller! Why you had toothache when I left this morning! And here I have been at Epsom all day, with the jolliest lot o' fellers ever got together in one drag, and a pot o' money, and had no end of a jolly time, and I did think I should find something cheerful and jolly to greet a feller when I got home! And there you are!—toothache again! I do call it hard upon a feller—precious hard!"

A pet canary, named Jeroboam, has been buried with pomp and circumstance in Philadelphia. The coffin was of walnut, mounted with silver handles and screw-heads, and upon it was a cross of white flowers with the inscription in rose-letter, "We mourn thee." The little boy who was to read the funeral service broke down at the moment he was encouraging his bearers to bear their loss with fortitude, and the other children joined in his sobs. Even older people, who had been drawn to the scene by curiosity, were affected. Next Sunday they will put up marble gravestones with an appropriate inscription, over the resting place. The coffin cost $10, the flowers $6 and the gravestones cannot be had short of $10.

Count Basilewski, regarded as the richest man in Russia, and who had for many years past enjoyed an income of 5,000,000 of roubles, or about $4,000,000 a year, died at St. Petersburg on the 4th instant at the age of ninety-two. He had passed much of his life in Paris, where he built the beautiful Hotel Basilewski now the property of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. He was the father of the Princess Souvaroff, the lady who during a recent visit to this country displayed so much spirit and determination in resisting the attempt of an anonymous scoundrel to "blackmail" her by threats of making scurrilous publications about her. Count Basilewski leaves two other daughters, the Countess de Galve and Mme. Dublet.

Louis Albischer was a stage-struck young man of San Francisco, and instead of learning in the usual progressive way to be an actor, he decided to begin with *Hamlet*. His wealthy father paid a large price for the use of a theatre and its company for one evening, and it is said that he confidently expected, having spent a year in study under competent teachers, that he would at once be accepted by the public as a great tragedian. He was cruelly disappointed. His performance was ridiculous, and the audience treated him after the manner in which the illustrious Count Joannes has been abused. He tried again, and again failed. All this cost $1,500, and his father refused to waste any more money in that direction. Louis borrowed fifty cents, bought strychnine with it, and killed himself.

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Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

Thursday, June 20, 1878.

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BRISTOL, PA.

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3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

—In the Hunter murder trial at Camden the evidence for the prosecution is all in and the defence has opened. The case looks very dark for the prisoner.

—Congress has adjourned. The news will be hailed with delight by the masses of the people throughout the United States. It is the one and only act that finds universal approbation.

—Hendrick B. Wright has been renominated for Congress by acclamation by the Nationals of his district. As he is thought to be sure of the Democratic nomination also, his reelection by an increased majority may be put down as unpleasantly certain.

—O. F. Bullard, late of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who was lately convicted of embezzlement at Media, Pa., was sentenced on Thursday to pay a fine of $1, with the costs of prosecution, and to undergo an imprisonment of nine months to date from April 9.

—About forty thousand people have settled on the Kansas & Pacific Railroad lands this spring, having purchased about one and a half million acres of land. A large proportion emigrated from Pennsylvania, and established colonies. The average of spring wheat there is estimated at 22 bushels per acre.

—Mr. J. W. Forney sends some interesting statements relative to the effect of wine drinking in France. He shows that the utter absence of temperance societies has no perceptible effect on the condition of the French people, but it should be remembered that their wines are pure while ours are not, and their water is poor while ours is good.

—Professor Charles Hodge, D. D., LL. D., for fifty-six years a professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., died at 6 P. M., yesterday, in the eighty-first year of his age. He had been suffering some time, and since April had been failing. He was conscious up to the time of his death. His sons Frank, Caspar and Archibald were present at his deathbed.

—The wedding of General Hastings and Miss Platt took place at the White House yesterday evening. Bishop Jagger performed the ceremony, and the President gave away the bride. The Blue Room was decorated with flowers for the occasion in a very lavish manner. The General and his wife left after the wedding dinner for New York City, and will go on to visit the lakes of Maine.

—Fernando Wood's free trade tariff bill was defeated by a vote of 120 to 134. For the bill, 113 Democrats and 7 Republicans: against it, 116 Republicans and 18 Democrats. This vote would seem to indicate which party favors and which opposes protection to American labor. Mr. Wood thinks he will be able after the elections to command for his bill enough of the votes of the 18 Democrats now recorded against it to make it a law. Not unlikely, when they get beyond the reach of the people.

—A most singular affair recently happened near Lynchburg, Va. While Col. A. H. Fulkerson was riding over his farm he was attacked by about 100 swallows, who assailed him with great chattering and pecked away lustily at his face and clothing. He was at first amused at the puny assaults, but the wounds which they soon inflicted upon his face and neck convinced him that he had nothing to laugh at, and he barely escaped with his life. It is feared that he will lose the sight of both eyes, and his nose is so badly mutilated that in all probability it will have to be amputated.

—The war in the island of Cuba is finished. The insurrection is entirely at an end. Vicente Garcio will leave the island for St. Thomas. All the insurgents in the Eastern Department have laid down their arms. General Martinez [illegible] proclamations to the soldiers and the inhabitants of the island will be issued shortly. Captain-General Jovellar will soon depart for Spain. Martinez Campos remaining as Captain-General. Great festivities in celebration of peace are in progress in Santiago de Cuba. Much enthusiasm is manifested everywhere. Preparations for a celebration in Havana are being made on a large scale. Triumphal arches are being erected.

—The Iowa Republican Convention met at Desmoines yesterday and nominated State officers, most of the candidates being chosen by acclamation. The platform demands the protection of citizens in all their rights; declares that five of the Southern States are under Democratic control through force, fraud and intimidation; that the war of the rebellion was a struggle of right against wrong, and that the loyal soldier is deserving of honor, and the traitor of dishonor; denounces the Democratic dogma of Home Rule, the Potter investigation, and the efforts of Democrats in Congress to rob the Treasury and cripple the Army; approves the financial policy and the economical administration of the Republican party; favors a tariff for revenue; declares the President's title good; and disapproves of any interference with the right and duty of good citizens to take part in caucuses and conventions. A complimentary allusion to General Grant was greeted with loud and long-continued applause.

—The study and practice of gymnastics are to be made compulsory in all the State schools in Italy. The apostle of physical culture in that enervating climate is Sebastian Fenzi, the son of a Florence banker. He built a gymnasium at his own expense in that city, and from that beginning the movement has extended from city to city. He has preached gymnastics to Senators and deputies, to the syndic and municipal councilors, and even to the Crown Princess, now Queen. He especially inculcates its advantages on all mothers of families, as likely to increase to a remarkable extent the personal charms of their daughters. And so far as his own domestic experience goes, his theories have not been contradicted by practice, for he is the father of the most beautiful women in Italy. Deputy Salvatore Morelli, a champion of the rights of the gentler sex, in presenting a bill for granting to women the right of acting as witnesses to legal documents, recently suggested that the equality of the sexes might be restored in a great measure if young girls before marriage would only give play to their muscles, as, in the event of meeting with a brute of a husband, who might attempt to trounce them, they might settle the dispute by at once knocking him down.

NEWSPAPER MEN LET LOOSE.

CRESSON SPRINGS, June, 18, 1878.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The sixth annual excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association started promptly on time from West Philadelphia, Monday morning, for Cresson, and here we are all safe and sound, snugly ensconced in our rooms, after having spent the night previous at the Lochiel House, Harrisburg, starting from there at 7:45 this morning, and reaching here at ten minutes past 12—about an hour ahead of time. Among the prominent persons with us are Col. A. K. McClure, who delivers the annual address to-morrow, on the subject of the power, influence, and mission, of the newspaper press, D. H. Nieman, President, and R. S. Menamin, Secretary of the Association, A. K. Dunkel, Republican candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs, Y. S. Walters, A. M. Spangler, of the Philadelphia *Star*, and Dennis F. Dealy, of the *Chronicle-Herald*. The Bucks county delegation is comprised of the following persons: H. T. Darlington and wife, William Tilton and wife, of Hulmeville, Thomas Eastburn and Charles R. Mitchell, of Langhorne, Charles T. Harrison, of the *Delaware Valley Advance*, Alfred Paschall, of the *Intelligencer*, and your correspondent, who represents the GAZETTE. The scenery along the route is of the grandest description, and can be enjoyed much better than it can be described. The people everywhere must have had intelligence that our excursion was coming, for at every station they gazed with awe as we passed by, as was very proper to so intelligent, powerful and mysterious an association as ours. At Altoona, where we halted to attach an extra locomotive to take us through the long tunnel, and around the famous horse shoe curve, the Altoona city band was present, and we were favored with most excellent music all the time we waited there, and when we started off a hearty acknowledgement of the courtesy of the Altoona newspaper men was given by their editorial brethren.

Cresson is a beautiful place, high on the summit of the Allegheny mountains, and the Mountain House, where we are staying, is an admirable hotel; the grounds are handsomely laid out, and well kept, and if the mosquitoes, which are mammoth ones, (the mountain air is tonic for their constitutions) do not carry us all off this evening, I will, for next week's GAZETTE, write out a full description of our trip, which will do more justice to the matter than this hurried epistle. Everything, thanks to the efficient arrangement of our pleasant Secretary, R. S. Menamin, has passed off smoothly, and we cannot fail of having a most enjoyable time. There are over 200 of us,—the largest number ever present on one of the excursions. The gong for supper has sounded, so I cannot do better than respond, and I am sure I want to do nothing better now.

D. MUNCEY.

—A jealous lover donned petticoats in Painesville, Ohio, last Wednesday, in order to kill the girl he had left behind him. When an aged spinster, clad in a long black dress, heavily veiled and gloved, alighted from the east-bound train and tottered into the omnibus, the loungers about the station saw little resemblance in the figure to the light-footed Johnny Blake, who had arrived on a visit to Mary Durban a year before. The disguised Blake was taken to the hotel, and went to the dining-room and took supper, registering as Mrs. Woodruff, St. Louis. At noon on Friday, a phaeton was hired, and the old lady hobbled down stairs, and with the help of the driver, got into the vehicle. About this time, Mary Durban, a compositor in a newspaper office, was going home to her dinner. The phaeton stopped, "Mrs. Woodruff" sprang out, and the gentle Mary recognizing her discarded lover, John Blake. She screamed. He embraced her, and brandished a razor. She screamed. He drew a revolver from his belt and threatened to shoot her. She screamed. Sheriff Morley appeared upon the scene and overtook the couple. The man in the petticoats then fired, the ball whizzing by Mary's left ear. She screamed once and again. The sheriff knocked down his man and led him off to jail. The blue-eyed maiden went home to dinner, returned in the afternoon to her case in the newspaper office, and set up with her own fingers the account of this diabolical attempt to assassinate her, smiling grimly at every adjective.

—The Emperor of Germany has acquiesced in the radical policy of the Minister of Public Worship for state reasons, without ever liking the man. When Dr. Falk favored Low Church principles and strove to purify the national establishment of its ritualistic innovation, his propositions were coolly received by his sovereign, who had become alarmed by the rapid increase of atheism. The party in the Prussian Cabinet which is in favor of promoting an understanding with the Papal curia has received support by the appointment of the Ambassador in Vienna, Count Stolberg, to the Vice Presidency of the Ministry. The Count is a High Churchman and has repeatedly voted against Dr. Falk's measures, which he has regarded as extremely dangerous not only to the Protestant Church, but also to the State itself.

—The cotton operatives [illegible] literally starved to submission. By private charity only 20,000 of their children have been supplied with one meal a day for the last three weeks. During the strike 2,514,108 spindles and 40,249 looms have been idle, and these will immediately resume work. But the fact that the strike was never thoroughly approved by the operatives of the entire North and Northeast Lancashire districts is evident from the statement that in the Blackburn and Preston precincts no less than 5,081,067 spindles and 137,748 looms have been kept running during the strike—the most of them on the reduction that is now acceded to by the strikers.

—At two o'clock Friday morning, at Cairo, Ill., James A. Abbot, agent of the Adams Express at Golconda, was awakened by four men, who said they wanted him to go to his store for a sick person. On entering his store they demanded an $800 express package, supposed to be in Abbot's possession. The package had not arrived; but they robbed Abbot of about $70 he had on his person. Three of them then forced him into a skiff, and after proceeding down the river a few miles threw him into the river, with the remark, "dead men tell no tales." Abbot fortunately reached the shore, returned, gave the alarm, which resulted in the capture of a stranger, supposed to be the one who remained on shore. The other three are still at large.

—There was an exciting scene in the Central Baptist Church at Eighth and South Fifth Sts., Williamsburg, N. Y., on Thursday evening. A great throng had gathered to witness the marriage of Miss E. D. Marshall, a tall and beautiful girl of about nineteen summers, to Frank L. Dominick, a rosy cheeked and portly gentleman about seventy years of age. What lent zest to the curiosity of the packed audience and led to disorderly scenes was the fact that Miss Marshall had, almost up to the date of her marriage to Dominick, been engaged to marry George W. Lewis, a young clerk in Park & Tilford's grocery store in New York, and that Lewis had sued her for breach of promise of marriage.

—A remarkable negro revival is in progress at Griffin, Ga., and among the nightly exhibitions are shrieking, dancing, kissing, hugging and waltzing about the church. After these performances, which usually happen about three or four o'clock in the morning, the brethren and sisters go into a trance. At daybreak one morning last week, twelve of these "enthused" individuals were discovered lying on the floor of the church utterly unconscious.

—The Philadelphia *Press* prints a calculation to show that the electric light is twenty-one times cheaper than gas.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 17, 1878.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Congress has done one wise thing at last, by having adjournment take place to-morrow rather than to-day. Monday's adjournment means an all days session on Sunday. And Senator Windom aptly stated that Congress had no right to do that for which it would arrest and fine a day laborer on the streets, should he attempt to earn his bread with his pick and shovel on that day. He urged the adoption of the House resolution, fixing 4 o'clock P. M. Tuesday, and at nearly midnight the Senators went home to pass their Sabbaths in peace and quiet. It is generally conceded to day that by means of an all night session an adjournment can be reached to-morrow, though some of the Senators say they can't dispose of the appropriation bills in the short space of time before them. It is possible that an extra session may be called over the Fishery Award as it is claimed that the President will insist upon Congress disposing of this white elephant of ours before adjournment. The House doubtless feels as all citizens do, who have examined this outrageous award matter, that as we are so badly sold in it, more time should be given before we swallow the bitter pill of payment, not being able as yet to grin and bear it. Arbitration is an excellent thing for those whom it favors, but when as in this Fishery Award, it goes beyond all law, justice and equity, and is absolutely without a shadow of basis, the House is pardonable for a show at least of hesitancy.

For some time past an effort has been made to collect funds from the department clerks for political purposes, at which the Democrats have raised the usual howl of "coercion," "violation of law," etc. Secretary Schurz, of course interposes an obstacle to assessments in his department, and many of his employees refuse to contribute to pay the fiddler to whose music they are now dancing, to the tune of $1,200 per year. We have so often expressed our profound contempt for Mr. Schurz's civil service fantasies that we now abandon him in disgust, being unable to do the subject justice. We have no sympathy with any platform which retains a man in office because he is in, or bar him from assisting the party that keeps him in. We venture to say that any office-holder in any community in the whole country, who would put Mr. Schurz's theory in practice, would never enjoy his office longer than the first opportunity the people had to "bounce" him. That Mr. Schurz is an honest man and well intentioned, no one can doubt. His administration in contrast with Mr. Delano's is most commendable for he is not on the make, while Mr. Delanes had but one object to "make gobs of money," and he succeeded nobby. Yet we wish Schurz was in Utopia; he is not the only honest man in America.

Our fashionable circles were duly excited by the recent marriage of the daughter of Hon. Simon Wolf, the lately decapitated recorder of deeds. Mr. Wolf is a prominent Israelite, and his daughter through her great beauty and accomplishments became necessarily a great prize to the marrying portion of her race. A Mr. Gotthold a wealthy young merchant of New York City, proved the lucky man. The marriage ceremonies were in full keeping with the position of the parties concerned in their extent and magnificence. The invited guests came from all parts of the United States, and included hundreds of our prominent citizens. The marriage rite was impressively performed by the venerable rabbi. The customary wine was offered and drank, and nothing was omitted in the ceremony or in the music and floral decorations of the Church, calculated to make the occasion as solemn and yet as gladdening as marriage was in the most ancient days of Jewish history. So at the brides reception which was held in one of our largest halls, all that flowers and evergreens and refreshments could give towards a marriage feast were there.

Another interesting matter now agitating the public mind is the proposed new Library Building. The reports of the Librarian submitted to Congress, show that the portion of the Capitol now occupied by the library is wholly incapable of accommodating the vast number of books already received and constantly incoming. Thousands of volumes have been crowded in, long since it was comfortably full, until every available spot has been used, and thousands more have been stored away in accessible places. Added to this, the duties of the Librarian under the copyright law, has no place to be carried forward save in the alcoves. Much discussion prevails as to the most suitable place for the new building. Some advocate the plateau of Capital Hill, with considerable vehemence, alleging that to be the most appropriate place on account of its close vicinity to the Capitol, while it would at the same time clear away the unsightly wooden buildings that surround the place. Judiciary Square seems however, to be the most acceptable place, and is that which the committee recommends for adaption. The old jail that used to stand in it has been removed, and it is now a beautiful park, one of the largest in the city, and is handsomely ornamented with shrubbery and walks, with a fountain playing in the middle. It certainly is a choice spot for a fine piece of architecture and especially for a Library. Should the style of architecture follow the new War Department building, it cannot be but a most magnificent center piece for the square. The appropriation for it will no doubt pass both Houses before adjournment, and if so, the work will be commenced at once. The present rooms occupied by the Library, will continue in the same capacity. Mr. Spofford, the Librarian, states that 70,000 volumes, mostly reference books, can remain here for the use of Congress, and thus make he says, a Congressional Library, of itself, larger than any other in the World, and will be all that Congress can make use of. Such books as are of general nature will be transferred to the new building. Some of our citizens feel very much like throwing up their hats or being guilty of some other very jubilant demonstration.

The bill for Government of the district has become a law. The most sanguine hopes now are entertained for the business future of Washington. The relief from excess and unjust taxation, the assumption by the general government of one half the expenses of the city, the new provision for municipal officers and the general improved manner of administering municipal offices, insures greater contentment, increased confidence in city property and inducements to more extended improvements.

D. D.

—The Philadelphia papers of Monday state that Dr. Harrison G. Winslow, the Tenth street dentist, who was arrested a couple of months ago for causing the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Neely, of Hatboro, a lady of thirty, by carelessly administering chloroform in performing a dental operation, attempted to gain his discharge upon a writ of habeas corpus in Judge Elcock's court on Saturday. Mrs. Neely was afflicted with heart disease. The coroner's jury, found upon inquest, that Doctor Winslow was negligent in not making an examination as to physical condition before administering the drug, from the effects of which she never awaked to consciousness. After hearing the testimony, Judge Elcock refused to discharge the dentist, but fixed the bail, to answer at trial, at $5,000. This was promptly furnished.

—The July *Atlantic* contains the first chapters of Henry James Jr.'s new novel, "The Europeans." The story opens in the Boston of thirty years ago, and a brother and sister of American descent but of English birth and education, the one an artist and the other the morganatic wife of a German prince, give the book its title. It is predicted that this novel will prove the best of Mr. James's works, and attract a larger share of the attention of the reading public than did even "The Americans."

VALLEY FORGE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

VALLEY FORGE, June 19, 1878.

The Centennial celebration of the evacuation of this place by the Continental army was celebrated to-day. At least 30,000 people were present. At daylight cannon were fired and bells were rung throughout the Schuylkill Valley. At sunrise there was a salute of thirteen guns fired, and at half-past 8 o'clock Governor Hartranft and Adjutant General Latta, accompanied by General Winfield S. Hancock and others, arrived and were received at the station by a delegation of military. At 9 o'clock there was a memorial service, in which large numbers took part. A procession was formed at the military headquarters, consisting of military, bands of music, civic societies, and young ladies dressed in white. The graves of Continental and Federal soldiers were decorated, appropriate services were held, and the procession moved over the intrenchments, which have remained since the occupation of the place by the Continental army, and over the historic ground, which was strewn with flowers by the ladies. A grand chorus of 300 voices rendered an anthem, and at half-past 10 o'clock the military, under command of Generals Gregg and Reeder, were reviewed by General Hancock and Governor Hartranft. At noon a salute of thirty-eight guns was fired, and at 1 o'clock the services of the day began in a large tent holding 15,000 persons. Governor Hartranft, the presiding officer, was introduced and was received with cheers. He spoke in substance as follows:

"We have come to commemorate the darkest hours of the American Revolution—hours which were those of triumph to the American cause—for it was at Valley Forge that the brightest honors were won by the Continental army. It was here, in rude tents, and amid a winter of the greatest severity, that the brightest records of the war were made. It is upon this spot, hallowed by hunger and cold, that we meet to commemorate a steadfastness of cause unprecedented in the annals of history."

A poem was read by the Rev. F. G. Walker, of Philadelphia. Colonel T. W. Bean, of Norristown, read extracts from a historical paper which he had prepared for the occasion, and a poem by Mrs. M. E. Thropp Cone was read. The orator of the day, Henry Armitt Brown, of Philadelphia, was next introduced. He reviewed at length the history and sufferings of the Continental army, speaking of the importance of the campaign with which the name of Valley Forge is connected, and extolling the excellent generalship and the unprecedented courage and steadfastness which crowned our ancestors with victory. He also paid an eloquent tribute to the foreign officers in the American camp—Lafayette, Steuben and Pulaski. His apostrophe to Washington had a thrilling effect, the immense audience rising and enthusiastically applauding as the orator continued:

"Behold him in yonder cottage, his lamp burning steadily through half the Winter night, his brain never at rest. * * * A soldier subordinating the military to the civil power; a dictator, as mindful of the rights of the Tories as of the wrongs of the Whigs; a statesman, commanding a revolutionary army; a patriot, forgetful of nothing but himself—this is he whose extraordinary virtues only kept the army from disbanding and saved his country's cause. The tide of battle never ebbed and flowed upon these banks. These hills never trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons nor echoed the thunders of contending cannon. The blood that stained this ground did not rush forth in the joyous frenzy of the fight; it fell drop by drop from the hearts of a suffering people. They who once encamped here in the snow fought not for conquest, not for power, not for glory, not for their country only, not for themselves alone. They suffered here for posterity; they suffered here for the human race; they bore here the cross of all people; they died here that freedom might be the heritage of all."

The exercises closed at 4 o'clock. Beyond the giving way of some of the benches, which, however, did no serious damage, the day passed without accident.

—During an interview at Berlin, on Sunday last, between Prince Bismarck and Prince Gortschakoff, the large Danish dog of Prince Bismarck made a ferocious attack upon Prince Gortschakoff, and it was only through the herculean strength of Prince Bismarck that the [illegible] Gortschakoff saved. It is stated in explanation that when the Prince becomes excited in discussion his voice rises and he stamps his foot. Something of this kind occurred during the interview with Prince Gortschakoff, and the dog mistaking the eagerness of his master for anger, sprang suddenly at the throat of Russian diplomatist. Happily Bismarck was as quick as the dog, and had siezed and thrown him aside before he had fastened his teeth in the person of the Russian chancellor.

—One Democratic County Convention in Ohio has taken time by the forelock and nominated Senator Thurman for the Presidency in 1880. Some other county, which wishes to procure groceries at a bargain, should follow suit now with a ringing nomination of your Uncle Dick.

☞ MALARIAL FEVER.—Malarial Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgiac ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always. See "Proverbs" in other column.

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I HAVE lately introduced a number of new and artistic styles of Pictures, to which I call your attention.

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In Oil, Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.
Established and in successful operation since 1860.

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CITY PEOPLE,

Being on the Spot, Run Around to Shop.

COUNTRY PEOPLE,

Coming to the City for a Day, Seldom have Time to go About much.

It is, therefore, well to know in advance something about

THE RIGHT PRICES FOR

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES AND HATS.

THIS LIST is prepared as a guide, and if carefully kept and studied will prove to be of good service.

PERSONAL TO OURSELVES. For nearly eighteen years we have been selling goods at retail, and have labored assiduously to earn a mercantile character that people can depend on. Little by little the people have learned our purposes and the principles on which our business is founded. The large patronage awarded us proves that the people appreciate our efforts and plans. Whatever may be said, the fact remains that we *mean* to do the very best that can be done for all who patronize us, and our large facilities testify to our ability to serve the public well.

PERSONAL TO OUR CUSTOMERS. A CAUTION that we think it well to put out just now is against the flaring advertisements (not because they are advertisements, for of these we approve, as the people well know) that announce great reductions, which, in fact, are not reductions, but mislead the confiding public. To explain: For example, we cut from a newspaper such an announcement, which says: "Ribbons at 18 cents per yard, reduced from 65 cents." It may be true that the goods were sold at 65 cents, but the fact is, the proper price for the goods at any time is **15 cents,** at which price we now sell them, and have been selling them right along. This illustrates what we mean.

TAKE ANOTHER FACT: A lot of Dress Goods now advertised as greatly reduced, "Price 25 cents, have been sold formerly at 31 cents." Our price for these goods is 20 cents, and at this rate we have sold them all the season; and if they were properly bought they should never be sold higher.

These cases would be ludicrous if people were not imposed upon. What seems to be a reduction may, after all, not put the goods down to the proper price, but be a means of misleading. It might not be so intended, but if goods were started at high figures in the first place, they may be "reduced," and still be too high.

THE PRINCIPLES OF OUR BUSINESS Ensure equality and safety for all our customers. City and country people buy at the same prices, which cannot be changed by sales-people for their friends, or any one else, whilst the system of Return of Money, if the customer desires to return goods, is an absolute protection. No better proof could be given of the lowness of our prices and excellence of our qualities than the privilege we allow to our customers, to take the goods home—a hundred miles away, if they choose—and return them uninjured and get back the money. Such an advantage as this was never thought of in this city until the Grand Depot business began.

When you come to the city make certain of what you are doing by having this list with you, and come to the store and examine qualities, widths and prices. Of course, we can only name few of the thousands of articles in the store. We have nearly a Million Dollars in Stock to show you.

DRESS GOODS.

Half-wool Spring Mohairs.............12½c.
(Last year's price much higher.)
20 pieces Bunting....................at 18c.
40 *pcs. Half-Wool Shepherd Plaids.....at 15c.*
Selling elsewhere at 25c.
50 pcs. Camel's Hair Suitings, 19c.
(27 inches wide, worth 25c.)
A popular fabric, and the trouble is to supply the demand.
23 pcs. All-wool Twilled Beige, 28c.
(Extremely cheap at 37½c.)
These goods were sold early in the season at $1.25.
10 pcs. fine Novelties at 68c. Sold everywhere at beginning of season at $1.50. This is a new lot, sold at this ruinous rate by the importer.
36-inch all-wool French Cashmere at 50 cents, thought to be cheap last season by some houses at 75 cents.
Guipure Bege and Dentelle Cashmeres, } *50 cents.*
Matlasse Bege at 36 cents.
Sold last year at 75 cents.

48-INCH SILK WARP CAMEL'S HAIR

At $1.50, last year's price for same quality
48-INCH FRENCH NOVELTIES,
AT $2.
Same quality sold last year at $3.50.

EXTRA FRENCH NOVELTIES
At $3, that elsewhere have been sold at $5.
MOHAIR GLACES......................25 CTS.
Selling elsewhere all the season at 31c.

SIX SPLENDID STYLES
SILK WARP NOVELTIES,
AT..........................37 CTS.
Reduced from 50 cents.
40 pcs. All-wool French Twilled Suitings at 31c.
These goods are light weight, desirable shades, and worth 50c.
We will close out a small lot of Silk Damasse for $1, that heretofore has been always $1.50.
These goods are also very cheap.

Spring Bourettes.........................6¼c.
Plain Poplins...............................8c.
Striped Cashmere Suitings................10c.
Neat Shepherd's Plaids..................12½c.
Plain Parsee Suitings.....................8c.
(Usual price 12½c.)
Elegant Quality Silk and Wool Pongees.....................................37½c.
Chenille Savoie, were 75c, now.........50c.

We open, likewise, a beautiful assortment of novelties in Hernanis, Organdies, French Cambrics, and in
All-Wool French Lace Bunting,
All-Wool Plain Bunting,
All-Wool Striped Bunting,
All-Wool French Albatross Cloth,
All-Silk and Wool Bourette Bunting,
All-Wool Beach Cloth,
All-Wool French Debeige,
All-Wool Camel's Hair Cloth,
All-Silk and Wool Colored Hernanis,
All-Silk and Wool French Dress Fabrics.

No such bargain was ever seen in any Retail Dry Goods Store as 6 cases Percales at 6¼c per yard, and a splendid lot 4-4 English Chintzes at 12½ cents. Price last year a quarter of a dollar.

SILKS SILKS

Have never been so cheap as now, the present fearfully low prices can not be continued much longer; so that the opportune time is the present to buy even at comparatively little cost, a good Silk Dress to put away for another season. Our stock has been replenished at short intervals, so that we have no very startling reductions to make in order to meet the market, but offer
At 65 cents—A good Trimming Silk, in solid colors, worth.................................75
At 70 cents—The same, worth.................80
At 80 cents—The same, worth..............$1.00
At 90 cents—The same, worth...............1.15
At $1—A handsome Dress Silk, in all colors, worth...................................1.35
In Black Silks, as is well known, for

ONE DOLLAR

We give the very best value in a rich, heavy Gros Grain, which is fully worth $1.25.
At $1.25—Beautiful high lustre Black Gros Grain, worth $1.50.
At $1.50—Super Cashmere finish, worth $1.80.
Also, at the low prices recently closed by importers, a new make of

SUPERIOR GLOVE FINISH CASHMIRES,

Which can not be surpassed at the nominal prices of $2 and $2.25, fully worth $3.

STRIPE AND CHECK SILKS.

In 350 pieces of these goods we offer the largest variety, and add almost daily the newest designs and colorings. A recent purchase enables us to offer, not a thin, flimsy article, but really good goods. A fine assortment at 55c, which were sold, ten days ago, at 65c.
Also, Splendid Goods at...................60c.
Very Handsome Goods at...................65c.
Super Stripes and Checks at..............75c.
Special reductions have been made in prices to close our

DAMASSES AND BROCADES,

Which include the latest Paris designs and colorings.

RIBBONS.

From recent auction sales and from importers and manufacturers anxious to close large lots of Ribbons, we have selected a stupendous stock of new shade and other desirable Ribbons. In some grades we have more stock than we ought to hold, and determined to sell, we put a price on them that will create a demand and make them go rapidly.
No. 9.—Brown, Lavender, Teal, Bronze, Light and Dark, Drab, Ecru, Tan, Mastic and Bege, at 10 cents.
REGULAR PRICE, 18c.
Entire stock, No. 9, Imported French, all Silk Gros Grain Ribbon. No. 12, No. 16. No. 22, No. 30, at the round price of 15 cents per yard
CANNOT BE MADE TO SELL AT LESS THAN 50 CTS.
Assortment of colors is Light Blue Light Pink, Cardinal, Dark Blue, Dark Pink, CRIMSON, MAROON, BROWN, PLUM.
A new lot of elegant Basket Ribbons at 50 cents.
These have never been sold for less than $1.25, and are selling at this price in this city.
5-inch Sash Ribbons, all silk, 25 cents; [illegible]
Also, a superb Sash Ribbon on French boiled goods, at 10 cents; usual price 75 cts.
A splendid grade of double-faced Satin Ribbon, all the shades. Nos. 9, 12 and 16, at 19 cents; sold when come out at 40 cents, but the lot closes at 19 cents.

LINENS.

LINENS, QUILTS, BLANKETS, CRETONNES, TABLE-COVERS,
And general stock of
UPHOLSTERING GOODS,
Embracing a new importation of elegant
SWISS LACE CURTAINS,
FLOOR LINENS,
STAIR LINENS,
NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS.
Startling prices for ladies about to furnish their country or seaside homes.
90 PAIRS NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, 95c THE PAIR.
74 WHITE MUSQUITO CANOPIES, $2 EACH.
56 PINK MOSQUITO CANOPIES, $2.25 EACH.
100 REAL LACE CANOPIES, $2.75 EACH.
The same goods have been sold at from $5 to $10 each.
AWNINGS, AWNINGS.
To introduce our new materials (Sun Colors) for awnings (Rain Colors), we have made the price for making and putting up $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6 each, much lower than ladies have paid for the common goods last year.
Another lot of those large sized Undressed Huck Towels, at $2.85 per dozen.
Ladies will acknowledge that our large ¾ French Napkins at $2.50 per dozen is a bargain.
A careful examination of our Barnsley Table Linens will secure
DECIDED BARGAINS.
Linen sheetings to be closed out, therefore our prices will be low.
10 Yard Piece Diapers. The largest and most varied stock ever offered.
10 Yards 22-inch Linen Diaper, $1 65.
42-inch very fine Diaper, 26 cents per yard worth 50 cents a yard.
Superior quality and extra heavy Russia Diaper, soft finish and made of the best quality flax, our special importation, at very low prices.
Our Bathing Towels and Toweling, a hundred qualities to select from.
The great reductions which we have made in
Extra Super Double Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, to match, makes them almost as cheap as the lower class of linens.
SHEETING LINENS,
FLEMISH SHEETINGS,
FRENCH SHEETINGS,
BARNSLEY SHEETINGS,
LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS,
GENTLEMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS,
PURE LINEN LAWNS,
In Fast Colors, at 20 cents per yard.
OUR DRESS LINENS,
Natural Shades, from 16 cts. to finest. Our
UNION LINEN LAWNS,
10c PER YARD.
Our Printed Linens for Ladies' and Boys' Waists reduced to 37½c. per yard.
Printed Linens 12½c. per yard.
Buff Linens 12½c. per yard.
OUR
STAIR LINENS,
IN TURKEY RED AND BLACK,
TURKEY RED AND GRAY,
14 TO 27 INCHES WIDE.
OUR
FLOOR LINENS,
2, 2½, 3, 4 and 5 yards wide.
OUR
EXTRA HEAVY LINEN SLIP COVERINGS,
JACQUARD SLIP COVERINGS,
MARSEILLES QUILTS,
JACQUARD QUILTS,
HONEYCOMB QUILTS,
ICE BLANKETS,
CAMP BLANKETS,
SUMMER BLANKETS,
EXHIBITION COUNTERPANES,
200 ELEGANT STRIPED COLORED QUILTS,
At $2.50 each; value $3.50 each.
FAST BACK
ENGLISH MARSEILLES QUILTS,
$2.00 EACH.
An endless variety of designs and combinations of colors.
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S FINE BLUE FLANNEL SUITS, $[illegible]
MEN'S SCOTCH CHEVIOT SUITS, $12.
MEN'S MIXED CHEVIOT SUITS, $11.50.
MEN'S FANCY LIGHT CASSIMERE SUITS, $12.00.
MEN'S FINE BLACK DIAGONAL SUITS, $17.50.
MEN'S MIXED PANTS, $2.50.
MEN'S MIXED COATS, $5.00.
MEN'S MIXED VESTS, $1.50.
CHILDREN'S HARVARD SUITS, $4.50 and $5.00.
CHILDREN'S BLOUSE SUITS, $3.75 and $4.50
CHILDREN'S FULL SUITS, $5
BOYS' FULL SUITS, $5
YOUTHS' FULL SUITS, $7.50.

HATS.

A glance at this list will show you how very cheap our Hats are.
NOTE.—The qualities and styles are guaranteed to be up to the highest standard.
Men's Fifth Avenue and Broadway Silk Hats.......................................$4 00
Men's Black Derby Hats.................2 50
Men's Stiff Fur Hats....................2 50
Men's Fine Soft Hats....................2 50
Men's Fine Soft Hats....................2 00
Young Men's Nutria, black band........3 00
Young Men's Pearl, black band.........3 00
Young Men's English Taper.............3 00
Young Men's Nutria.....................3 00
Youth's Fine Fur-mixed Derby..........4 00
Youth's Fine Fur Black Derby..........2 50
Boys' Drab Derby........................2 50
Boys' Pearl Corporal....................1 15
Boys' Black and Blue Lamar............1 15
Boys' White and Brown Straw Hats......1 25
Boys' Variegated Straw Hats.............85
Child's Brown and White Straw..........1 00
Child's Blue and White Mixed Straw.....1 00
Child's Balmorals, Blue and Gray.......1 25
Child's Gray Mixed Magic................1 25
Child's Fine Fur Dardanelles............75
Child's Wool Blue.......................2 50
Children's Straw Hats, in large variety 50, 75, $1, $1.25.
R. S. WALTON gives his personal supervision to every Hat that comes into this Department.

SHOES.

LADIES' LIST—SPECIAL LOTS.
Ladies' very best French Kid, hand-made Button Gaiters, at $4.50, made by J. R. Gates; warranted goods, and fine as any custom made Gaiters in Philadelphia, at $7 and $8.
Ladies' fine Kid Croquet slippers, at 49c.; usually retailed at $1.25.
Ladies' English Lasting Walking Boots at 56c.; less than half price.
Ladies' Lasting Foxed Walking shoes at 93c; solid soles, and guaranteed to give as good satisfaction as any shoe at $2 and $2.50 elsewhere.
Ladies' Pebble Morocco hand-made Button Gaiters, worked button-holes and silk trimmings, at $2.99; made by J. R. Gates, and usually retailed at $5.50 and $6.
Ladies' good house slippers at 25c.
Ladies' Lasting Kid Foxed Button Gaiters $1.09; usually sold at $2 and 2.25.
Ladies' Pebble Goat Button Gaiters at $1.50; guaranteed solid leather, and warranted to give as good satisfaction as any shoes sold for $3 at any other place in the city.
Ladies' very fine Kid Button Gaiters $1.99; usually retailed at $2.75 and 3.00.
Ladies' Foxed Kid Toilet slippers, a little soiled, at $1.25; usually retailed at $4, made by Laird, Schober and Mitchell.
Ladies' Pebble Button Gaiters at $1.25.
Ladies' Lasting Foxed Button Gaiters at $1.25, Smith's make, and usually retailed at $1.75 and 2.00.
Ladies' very fine French Kid hand-made Button Gaiters, made by Laird, Schober and Mitchell, at $5.41; sold by others at $6.50 and 7.00.
Ladies' fine Kid Button walking shoes at 99c.
Misses' Pebble Goat Button Gaiters, made by S. D. Sollers & Co., at $1.50; usually retailed at 3.00.
Misses' Pebble Button Gaiters at $1.18; usually retailed at 1.75.
Children's Pebble Goat Button Gaiters, made by S. D. Sollers & Co., at $1.25; usually retailed at $2.50.
Little Boys' Calfskin Button Gaiters at 98c.; usually retailed at $2.50 and 3.00.
Infants' Fancy Colored shoes, 10c. per pair; usually sold at 30 and 40c.
Child's Light Colored Button Gaiters, 49c; usually sold at $1 00.

MEN'S LIST.
Gentlemen's French Calf hand-made Gaiters, at $3 98, guaranteed to give as good satisfaction as any custom made goods in the city which cost $7 and 8.00.
Men's English Lasting Prince Alberts, $1.49; very best goods.
Men's French Ties, $1.17; usually sold at $1.75 and 2 00.
Men's Wood sole shoes, for walking on the beach at sea side, 99c.
Men's Wood sole shoes, for working in dye house, 99c.
Men's Wood sole shoes, for working in brewery, 99c.
Men's Pebble Prince Albert Walking shoes $1.49.
Men's Congress Gaiters, $1.47; usually retailed at $2.
Men's Congress Gaiters, $1.94.
Men's House slippers, 39c.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

GRAND DEPOT, THIRTEENTH STREET,

FROM MARKET TO CHESTNUT,

PHILADELPHIA.

Bristol.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.

Trains to and from Bristol Station
For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:18, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M. 12:26, 4:11, 6:06, and 7:21, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:25, 3:09, and 9:56 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:28 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:56 P. M.
For New York.
At 1:16, 8:08, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:14 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.
For Trenton.
At 8:08, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:34, 6:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:59, 8:17, P. M.
☞ The 8.08, 11.09, 11.47, A. M., 2 59, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.
From Trenton.
At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A. M., 12:60 M., 1:05, 2:50, 3:45, 5:40, 6:55, and 9:35 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, and 9:35 P. M.
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:12, and 10:15 A. M. 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:25 P. M. and 12:00 night.
From New York.
At 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 3:55, and 6:55 P. M.
From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55, 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and and 11.55, P. M.
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7 20, A. M.
A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.
For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.
F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager,
D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division. 60

Safety! Speed! Comfort!
The Camden and Atlantic R. R. Co.,
TO ATLANTIC CITY.

Broad Gauge, Heavy Rails, Elegant Passenger Coaches, Woodruff Palace Cars, safe and substantial roadway. The Fast Express Trains run through in 90 minutes. The oldest and best road to the coast. Six through trains daily during the season and eight on Saturdays.
☞ Round-Trip and Through Tickets sold, and Baggage checked through at reduced rates from all principal points on the Pennsylvania Railroad and New Jersey Division, Pennsylvania Company; Philadelphia and Reading; Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore; Baltimore and Ohio; Northern Central, Baltimore and Potomac; Philadelphia and Erie; North Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley; New Jersey Southern, West Chester and Philadelphia, and other Railroads in the North, West, and South.
Ticket Offices in Philadelphia: Nos. 700, 836, and 1348 Chestnut street, Depot, foot of Vine street, and No. 4 Chelten Ave., Germantown.
Take trains from Vine St. Wharf, Philadelphia.
For particulars and information, address
D. M. ZIMMERMAN,
Secretary, Treasurer, and General Passenger Agent. 226

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
Edwin Forrest
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st. wharf.				Leave South Trenton.			
Thursday,	20,	2½	P. M.	Thursday,	20,	6¼	P. M.
Friday,	21,	6	A. M.	Friday,	21,	9¼	A. M.
Saturday,	22,	6¾	A. M.	Saturday,	22,	10¼	A. M.
Monday,	24,	7¾	A. M.	Monday,	24,	11¼	A. M.
Tuesday,	25,	8	A. M.	Tuesday,	25,	12	M.
Wednesday,	26,	9	A. M.	Wedn'day,	26,	1	P. M.
Thursday,	27,	9¼	A. M.	Thursday,	27,	1½	P. M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts. All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 170

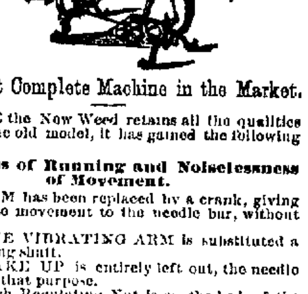
The Steamboat
NELLY WHITE
AFTER having been thoroughly refitted and handsomely painted has resumed her trips between Bordentown and Philadelphia, stopping at the following places; Leaves Bordentown at 7 o'clock A. M., White Hill, 7 10, Penn's Manor, 7 20, Florence, 7.35; Hazards, 7.40, Bristol, 7 50, Burlington, 8 10; Beverly, 8 30. Returning, leave Philadelphia, pier 8, above Arch street, at 3 30 P. M.
N. B.—On and after April 1st, the NELLY WHITE will leave Arch Street Wharf, Philadelphia,—she will also stop at Tullytown on completion of the wharf at that place. 177

Trips Resumed.
THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,
ON and after Thursday, April 4th, the Steamboat Columbia, will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.15 A. M. and 4 P. M., touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 5.45 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c. 166

THE STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT
LEAVES CHESTNUT STREET WHARF, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, stopping at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leaves Florence at 10 o'clock A. M. and Bristol at 10.30 A. M., and 5 o'clock P. M., stopping at all the above Landings each way. 165

Blatchley's Pumps.
Are made to suit cisterns or wells of any depth, from 15 to 75 feet, either plain or lined with galvanized iron, or seamless drawn tube copper. We keep in stock a complete assortment in size, length and price, from the cheapest to the **Most Perfect and Improved Pump that can be made.** Our manufacturing facilities enable us to furnish the best pumps **at prices but little above second and third-rate goods.** When buying pumps see that they have **my trade mark and name.** If not for sale in your town, your orders can always be filled without delay at 440 Market Street, one door from Fifth Street, south side, Philadelphia.
246 **C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer.**

TRY AND BUY. TRY YOU BUY. TRY WILL BUY.
THE NEW WEED
SEWING MACHINE!



The Most Complete Machine in the Market.

WHILE the New Weed retains all the qualities of the old model, it has gained the following new ones

Lightness of Running and Noiselessness of Movement.

THE CAM has been replaced by a crank, giving an accurate movement to the needle bar, without noise.
FOR THE VIBRATING ARM is substituted a reciprocating shaft.
THE TAKE UP is entirely left out, the needle serving for that purpose.
The Stitch Regulating Nut is on the bed of the Machine. The upper thread slips into all its guides leaving only two places to thread.
The Shuttle is the most complete one ever made for easy threading, only one place to thread. These are a few of the improved qualities of the New Weed. In buying a Weed you know you are getting a new machine as they cannot use the old ones to make new ones of. There are a great many machines being sold for new, that are only old ones rebuilt.
We know there are a great many people yet wanting Sewing Machines, and there are a great many old machines that ought to be exchanged for new ones, and to those wanting machines we would say cast aside your prejudice in favor of this or that machine, and come and see the light running, easy threading, no trouble, substantial, handsome Weed. Sold cheap on easy terms. Old machines taken in exchange for new ones. Old machines for sale cheap.
WILLIAM H. BOOZ, Agent,
Radcliffe Street, Bristo
Next to Presbyterian Church. 240

TRUTHS.
Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.
They are compounded from **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake** and **Dandelion,**—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world, and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, **without intoxicating.**
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. ☞ $500 ☜ will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.
Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the **"Invalid's Friend and Hope,"** and no person or family should be without them. **Try the Hop Bitters to-day.**
Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, June 20, 1878.

The GAZETTE *has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.*

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 7.00, 8.15, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 6.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 10.15, A. M., 3.30, 5.15 and 7.45 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.00 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, and 5.15 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS.—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.00 P. M. Closes 7.00, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.30 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND OXFORD VALLEY.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

On Sundays, Philadelphia and Western close at 7.45 P. M.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

SORTS.

—The work on the new school building is progressing rapidly.

—The new excursion steamer Republic makes her first trip down the bay to-day.

—Frank and Caleb Joyce have opened an ice cream saloon at 532 Market street, Philadelphia.

—Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Presiding Elder, preached at the Methodist Church, Sunday evening last.

—Joshua Peirce is building for William Moulton a dwelling house at corner of Logan and Pond streets.

—The new engine and engine house at Grundy's mills are not to be excelled in beauty and convenience anywhere in the State.

—The GAZETTE furnishes more good reading matter for the money than any other paper published in the county. The price, when paid in advance, is but $1.50 a year.

—Ellis Cliver of Burlington county, has shipped over 10,000 boxes of strawberries, to Bristol this season. Nathan Roberts has also sold over 10,000 boxes from Samuel Hulme's farm.

—The Bristol rowdies who marred the festivities at Langhorne Park last Saturday, were captured by Constable Louderbough. They paid for the damage done to the property, and were released.

—The annual picnic of the Public Schools will be held in Tomlinson's woods, on Friday June 28th, 1878. The exercises will commence at 11 o'clock. No ice cream stands will be allowed on the grounds.

—The festival at the Tullytown Christian Church on Thursday last was a decided success. The funds necessary for the repairing of the building, &c., were realized. The church will be reopened next Sabbath, free of debt.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, June 19th, 1878:—Wm. Bouse, Ellen Case, Albert Commons, Mrs. Hannah Field, Miss Lizzie Goheen, Joseph Hammerton, Manuel H. Johns, Mrs. Ellen Martin, Wm. P. Powell, J. M. Selner, and Mrs. Virginia Stackhouse

—The complimentary excursion of the Nelly White, last Friday evening, was a crowded one, and an enjoyable occasion. Bordentown band furnished the music. The party returned about 12½ o'clock Saturday morning, and were well pleased with their trip, notwithstanding the steering apparatus of the steamer was a little out of gear.

—The colored Becket, who was confined in the town house before being taken to Doylestown, nearly effected his escape while here. He had taken out several courses of brick from the wall of his cell, and only the outside course was left. Constable Louderbough made the discovery of the attempt yesterday morning, while inspecting the cells.

—The Baptist Sunday School Excursion to the International Exhibition Building, Fairmount Park, on Saturday, will go to the city by way of the Columbia. Any one outside of the school who may desire to accompany them can procure tickets at Shaw & Allen's, Mill Street, or on the Columbia on the morning of the Excursion. Fare for the round trip, 75 cents for adults and 40 cents for children.

—Miss Mitchell, principal of the Friends' school, has completed her engagement here, in a most satisfactory manner to her pupils and their parents. She has shown great industry, ability, and a conscientious discharge of duty. That her school was not more of a pecuniary success, was no fault of hers, but of influences over which she had no control. The good wishes of friends attend her wherever she may go.

—A Reformed congregation was organized about one year ago at Chalfont, Bucks county. The congregation have just completed a neat church edifice,—it was dedicated on Sunday June 16th. The Rev. W. C. Hendrickson, of the Philadelphia Classis of the Reformed Church of the United States, preached the dedicatory sermon to a very large congregation from the text, "Awake, Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." Mr. Hendrickson conducted the financial matters during the day. The cost of the building was $1,700, but $400 remains to be provided for.

—Last Thursday night three hens and thirty-one chickens were stolen from the property of J. O. Hutchins, corner of Walnut and Wood streets. They were all in a barrel, which was in use as a temporary coop, and the barrel with its contents was carried off bodily. On Saturday two of the hens and 28 of the chickens were recovered. John McOwen bought them of the person who stole them, who has since disappeared, and learning that Mr. Hutchins had lost just such a lot of poultry, he inquired into the matter, the result of his inquiries being that Mr. Hutchins came into possession of the greater portion of his stolen property.

—"It is almost an invariable rule in this country to hold the question of sewerage in abeyance until some time after a public water supply has been provided. This is in every way unwise. It is a more than sufficient tax upon the soil of any ordinary village to receive its household wastes and subject them to a slow process of oxidation, so as to keep them, even under the most favorable circumstances, from doing great harm, but when the volume of these wastes is enormously increased by the liberal use of water from public works running free in every house, the case becomes at once serious. The soil is over-saturated, not only with water, but with water containing the most threatening elements of danger."—*The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns.*

—Charles Becket, a colored man, was before Squire Bailey's bar of justice, last Saturday afternoon. Fred. Jackson, Bensalem township's constable had the man in his care, on a charge of stealing a lot of goods from George Jackson's, at Torresdale, on Friday night. Notice of the theft was sent to the police in the vicinity of Kensington depot, who accordingly were on the lookout, and when Becket arrived in Philadelphia suspicion was attracted to him as he got off the train, by the large trunk which he lugged off with him. So he was arrested on suspicion, and a search proved that he was the person they were looking for, as the lost goods, mostly women's clothing, including three silk dresses, valued at about $200, were found in the trunk. This accounts for Becket's appearance in Bristol, and when his trial comes off at Doylestown he will doubtless renew the acquaintance of the inside of a prison from which he has but recently been released.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF MISS MERRIAM'S SCHOOL.

On Tuesday evening of this week Miss Merriam closed the third year of her school with public exercises in Washington Hall. These continued for two hours and a quarter, but such was their excellence and variety that at the end of the time the audience seemed as fresh as at the beginning. The feature which distinguished this occasion was the graduation of two young ladies (Miss Annie S. York and Miss Katie J. Thomas), to whom were presented testimonials of their successful completion of the curriculum of studies. Each read an essay and acquitted herself well. Their compositions evinced thought, knowledge and imagination, with a command of language, graphic, graceful and chaste. They were entirely free from the exaggerations which are apt to show themselves in the literary productions of the young. In every way they did credit to the writers and honor to the instructions of their teachers.

The other exercises of the evening were entertaining and pleasing: specially so was the "Anvil Chorus with dumb-bells," in which the entire school participated. So beautiful was this performance that the audience demanded its repetition, which was kindly accorded. Led by one of the youngest of their number, the members of the school went through the mazy evolutions with the precision of veteran soldiers and struck their dumb-bells from before them and behind them in great variety of graceful actions, with an accuracy and simultaneousness which would have delighted the soul of the veriest martinet. Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Merriam for introducing into her school this and other means of physical culture. The best of results must come from it. Sound bodies as well as sound minds are as necessary to our girls as to our boys.

Another attraction of the evening was the recitation of Mattie Hughes and of Miriam Cone. To read and recite well is one of the finest and rarest of accomplishments. The scholars under the care of Miss Merriam will not have her to blame if this faculty does become theirs. The youthful reciters of Tuesday evening evidently have much natural ability to enter into and identify themselves with the thought and spirit of their writer, but as manifestly they have received most careful instruction. Their recitations were admirable and would have stood the test of the most severe criticism. The wonder is, to what this gift will lead, when a few more years of discipline shall have done its work upon those who in their tender age show such aptitude and power.

A large part of the programme was of musical performances. These too were excellent. From the "Instrumental Duet" by two little tots who were scarcely able to sit alone on piano stools, to the vocal solo by their teacher, Miss Annie Thomas, they gave true pleasure.

The diplomas to graduates were presented at Miss Merriam's request, by Rev. Dr. Knox, in a few words of congratulation. After which he made an address, as follows:

First of all, this evening, this interested audience would have me offer to Miss Merriam, and her assistants, its hearty congratulations upon the successful issue of a year, the opening of which was so portentous with disaster. Nor would I be excused, should I fail to pause a moment to speak a word in memory of that most attractive, lovely and gracious teacher and scholar, who was permitted to stay with the school long enough to impress upon it, and those out of it who made her acquaintance, a profound conviction of her excellence of mind and heart, and then was not—for God took her. Her body sleeps to-night amid the landscapes of her native commonwealth. Her spirit reposes in the bosom of her Saviour, whence, if —as is not impossible—the redeemed of God have knowledge of the things of earth, we may readily believe, she looks upon us in *this* room, the scene of her labors; in this *good* hour, and is glad with us in our rejoicing that the fears we had when she was wrested from us have been dissipated, and we are again full of hope that the good work which has engaged so many of our most earnest thoughts is to be pursued to a satisfactory success. Long will it be when within the circle of influence described by this school the name of Miss Stear is will not call forth a tribute to her noble character and noble life.

I would make no allusion to the weary weeks of lingering illness which were appointed to our dear friend, Miss Merriam, were it not that it is incumbent upon us on this occasion to give thanks to Almighty God, that they at last came to an end, and that disease conquered and surmounted, strength and health have returned, and with them renewed interest and zeal in the great work which she has here undertaken to do. If it please God, never may it be again that so severe a trial shall be given her to bear.

And can I fail to say a sentence or two—I will be responsible for them, and when *you* hear them you *will* want to share with me the responsibility of their utterance—in reference to those who in the crisis of last fall and winter were baptized for the dead and the helpless living, who carried on the work for them with such self-denial and devotion, that neither the patrons of the school nor the scholars had reason for suspicion that their interests were not most earnestly watched and provided for. To these ladies great praise is due, and we must tell them, though I know they do not ask or expect it of us, that we admired their conduct in those dark days to which I have referred; and now that they are over, in our recollections of them our admiration continues, and the remark will be pardoned, I trust, when I say that our retiring, modest friend, who in the emergency stepped to the front, though claiming to be only a Peck, proved herself to be worth a bushel of some people whom we have seen and known.

And now, we have come to graduation day. There are here graduates who are to receive diplomas and go forth into the world to take their places in society as young ladies. It is a happy day for them. Not a word would I say to make them less glad than they are. The boy can hardly wait for the slowly revolving years to pass till he shall arrive at maturity and become a man. The lad at school looks forward eagerly to the time when he shall go to college, and he has hardly taken his first walk within the classic shades before he forecasts the day when he shall graduate and begin special studies for the profession or calling to which he shall devote his life. Shall we say this is all wrong? Nay, for we know it is all right, or it would not be so. These times are epochs in the history of the individuals concerned which mark progress. They gratify ambition, and spur it to further and higher endeavors. As it is with the rougher, so is it with the gentler sex. It is right, my young friends, who to-day receive the honors of this school, that you should be glad and happy, and I will not hesitate to say, even a little proud. You have labored long and well to reach this goal. Under the discipline of your able and accomplished teachers it has been no child's play to have rendered yourselves worthy of the testimonials of their approbation, so that they are willing you should go forth, to show what their training can effect when it is furthered by the diligence and zeal of their pupils. I am glad that I can speak in this unqualified phrase to you, and of you, who appear here to-day, the first graduates of this seminary—that I can say to you that your teachers feel that in you they have had good material on which to work, and that you have co-operated with them, by conscientious study and earnest attention. I congratulate you, therefore, most heartily, on the honors you have fairly won, and I extend my congratulations also to your parents and friends that they have in you a compensation adequate to the efforts they have made in your behalf.

And now allow me a word of caution and advice. Do not be content to rest on the laurels with which you are crowned. If you do they will soon fade. Forgetting the things which are behind, reach to those things which are before. The advantage you have gained in your school days does not show itself in the stock of knowledge you have accumulated, but in the power you have acquired to use your faculties. You do not know much. I ask pardon for telling you this truth so bluntly. You have however that which is greatly better than large stores of knowledge, the power to study, to think, to reflect, to meditate. This if not allowed to fall away from you by disuse, will bring the whole realm of knowledge *to* your feet, that you may employ it as your servant, in whatever direction you choose. To be able to do this—to do it more readily day by day, is to be educated; merely to know much is of little worth. There have been many learned fools in the world, and the entire company of them, when weighed in the balance with one truly wise person, is as dust in the scales against the pure gold. You may forget all you have learned in school, though I do not advise this—but if you retain and render more perfect the discipline of your minds, you will have secured to yourselves the *great* benefit of the years you have spent in gaining an education. Have something in hand in the way of study, which is not *too easy.* Read books which make you think. When you have read awhile, stop, and endeavor to recall in your mind what you have read. If it has been an argument, do not pass from it till you have become fully acquainted with it—till without hesitation you can reproduce it in your own language. If it be history, exercise yourselves in the same way, until you know it, not as a matter of mere memory, but as a matter the principles and facts of which you fully comprehend in their bearings, and they have become a part of your mental being. This you can do now, as you never could have done it before, and you will do it a year hence with a greatly increased readiness it, from this time, you will engage in the work and persevere in it. In this way you will become educated women. An hour a day thus spent, will advance you in this direction with an absolute certainty, and with a constantly quickened rapidity, while a half dozen hours given to desultory reading, though they fill your heads with many notions, of which you can make little or no use, will as certainly and in a short time, dissipate the mental force with which you are now charged. "To him that hath, it shall be given, and he shall have abundance. But from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have."

My time must be exhausted. I was told that I might have ten minutes for my part of these exercises, and I must have had them. From somebody, or from something, I borrow a minute or so that I may come to a conclusion. My young friends will regard it, I trust, as no mere professional counsel, when I ask them to cherish above all things else which they have received from this school, the moral and religious instruction which have been imparted to them by word and by example. Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Fear God and keep his commandments. Be followers of them who through faith and patience have inherited the promises. A woman without religion, is without her greatest charm; but a woman who lives and moves and has her being in Christ-likeness, is one whose value is beyond rubies. Bring then, my dear young friends, yourselves and all your powers and acquisitions, and dedicate them to Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many, and you shall have the promise not only of this life but of the life which is to come. Then you shall be wise indeed, because you are good. And now may God bless you and care for you, and fill your lives with His favor, which is life, and His loving kindness, which is better than life. May I have still one minute to say to the friends assemble on this happy occasion, that this school has proved its claims to an abundant success. I do not beg for it, but I ask that *its rights* may be acknowledged; that the advantages of it may be made known, and the faith, energy, wisdom and devotion of the Principal may be rewarded, not by large pecuniary returns, but by enabling her to extent her influence to the benefit, hardly more of those immediately under her instruction, than to the whole community in the midst of which she has established herself, and of which, by her many sided operations for good, she has made herself so important a part. And so I conclude, for further liberty I dare not take, apologizing not to you, who are my audience, but to Miss Merriam, who happens to be here just now, if perchance she has overheard anything.

The closing chorus, "Good Night," was sung by the school, and the audience dismissed with the benediction.

It was a long to be remembered entertainment. Bristol is to be congratulated upon the possession of a school of such merit. May it meet with the success it deserves. X.

—Children's Day exercises in the Morrisville Presbyterian Church, last Sabbath, says the Trenton *State Gazette*, were very fine indeed, the music and singing giving a fitting and beautiful expression to the scene. The floral decorations were in exquisite taste, and the peculiar charm of Children's Day will not soon be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. The sermon in the morning by the pastor of the church, was upon the text, "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it unto him year by year." In the evening the discourse was upon that passage in the Book of Exodus where Pharoah's daughter says to the mother of Moses, "Take the child and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages." In the afternoon addresses were made by Barker Gummere, Esq., and Mr. St. Clair, of Trenton. The theme of the day was the moral and religious education of the young; its importance to the family, the community, the State, and the church. The opportunities possessed by parents for the successful training of the young, the duty that love to their children, their country, and their God devolves upon them, and the fearful consequences of neglect. The church was filled with eager and attentive listeners, and the day was apparently a very profitable one.

The Sunday School Institute, held on Thursday and Friday previous, contributed to an increased interest in the great cause and is remembered with much pleasure. The Trenton *True American* of Saturday contains the following report:

"The Bucks County Sunday School Association held a local institute at Morrisville, the opening exercises of which took place in the M. E. Church on Thursday evening last. The aim of the first session of the Institute was a children's meeting. After the usual devotional exercises, Mr. E. G. Harrison, of the Sunday School Association, who presided, explained the object of the Institute and the work of the Association. Addresses were then made by Rev. Mr. Conard, of Bristol, and Rev. Mr. Hofford, of Morrisville, proposing by things seen and familiar to children, to lead them to the conception and understanding of higher truths. The session of the Institute was continued yesterday afternoon at the Presbyterian Church. A number of interesting and instructive topics have engaged attention and occupied the time—the importance of enlisting parents and teachers in the intellectual and moral elevation of the young. The practical nature of the instruction demanded for the work and the desirableness of regular attendance upon the sessions of the school were enlarged upon and ably discussed by Revs. Messrs. Wylie and Ramsey, of Newtown, and others. The evening session, also in the Presbyterian Church, was opened with a promise and praise meeting, conducted by Mr. Johnson, of Bethany Sunday School, Philadelphia. The consideration of topics, as arranged upon the programme, was resumed; 'How to interest the young in the study of the Bible. Temperance work in connection with the Sunday School. The discouragement and encouragement in connection with Sunday School work.' The Institute afforded a pleasant reunion for the friends of Sunday Schools, and was a success. The Sunday Schools of Morrisville are reported in a quite flourishing condition, with largely increased attendance of pupils. The Sunday School at Fallsington is also full of encouragement."

Here and There.

Newtown is reveling in the luxury of a telephone.

Wild strawberries grow in the grass in the prison yard at Doylestown.

Moses L. Naylor, teller of the first National Bank of Newtown, has been offered and will accept a desirable position in the Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia.

Anna Dickenson is engaged—on a new play.

Hulmeville proposes to treat herself with a grand Fourth of July celebration.

On Wednesday, of last week, a surprise party of forty visited Hector Wildman and his bride. The party arrived early, and were shown the spring-house with its well kept appointments, and 63 lbs. of golden butter, the result of that morning's labor. The gentlemen walked around the farm, comparing notes, admired and discussed the growing crops, and were quite prepared for the bounteous repast served at six o'clock. After congratulatory speeches by John Wildman, Pierson Mitchell, and others, the company retired at an early hour.

Governor Hartranft, on Monday, appointed Christian K. Ross, father of the lost Charlie Ross, Master Warden of Philadelphia. The salary is $2,500.

Harvey S. Ball, father of S. Carey Ball, died in Philadelphia on the 4th inst., aged 58 years.

—Judge Hilton marks his appreciaton of the difference between a hotel for the accommodation of women, and a hotel for the accommodation of men by adding to the departments of the house a *bar-room!* That addition speaks volumes.

—Experiment proves that a dog dies if fed on white bread alone, while its health does not suffer at all if its food consists of brown bread, or bread made of unbolted flour.

—Read "*Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns,*" by George E. Waring, now in the Bristol Library.

—Dr. John P. Agnew, of Brownsburg, announces himself as a candidate for Congress before the nominating convention.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

Charles C. Burleigh, formerly a resident of this place, died at his home in Florence, Mass., on the 14th instant, in his sixty-eighth year. His death was caused by a railroad accident at Florence.

Mr. Burleigh was well known in this vicinity, not only as a steadfast and eloquent champion of human liberty in the days when slavery blighted our land, and darkened the page of our history, but also in later years, as a lecturer in the field of reform, an advocate of peace, a staunch friend of impartial suffrage, and an earnest servant in the cause of temperance. His whole life seemed to be one of self-sacrifice for the good of his fellowmen. He presented a rare example of fidelity to principle, of devotion to his high and beautiful mission of serving humanity, and of spotless purity of character. One could have pointed to him and said, with unhesitating emphasis, 'there is a good man; a shining illustration of moral worth; ever faithful, ever upright, and true to the claims of duty.'

Rev. Samuel J. May, who was long a coworker with Mr. Burleigh, gives a brief but interesting sketch of his career in the "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict." Mr. May was about to start an Anti-Slavery paper, at the instance of Arthur Tappan. He was already the editor of a religious journal, and needed help in his new enterprise. "Soon after the enactment of the 'Black Law,'" he writes, "an admirable article, faithfully criticising it, had appeared in the *Genius of Temperance*, and been copied into *The Emancipator*. It was attributed to Mr. Charles C. Burleigh, being in the adjoining town of Plainfield, (Mass.) I had heard him commended as a young man of great promise, and had once listened to an able speech from him at a Colonization meeting. To him, therefore, in the need of help, my thoughts soon turned. And the morning after Mr. Tappan's visit I drove over to Plainfield. Mr. Burleigh was living with his parents, and helping them carry on their farm, while pursuing as he could his studies preparatory to the profession of a lawyer. It was Friday of the week, in the midst of haying time. I was told at the house that he was in the field as busy as he could be. Nevertheless, I insisted that my business with him was more important than haying. So he was sent for, and in due time appeared. Like other sensible men, at the hard, hot work of haying, he was not attired in his Sunday clothes, but in his shirt sleeves, with pants the worse for wear; and although [he then *believed* in shaving, no razor had touched his beard since the first day of the week. So soon as I had told him what I wanted of him his eye kindled as if eager for the conflict. We made an arrangement to supply his place on his father's farm, and he engaged to come to me early the following week. On Monday, the 14th of July, 1833, according to promise, he came to Brooklyn. He then put on the harness of a soldier in the good fight for equal, impartial liberty, and he has not yet laid it aside, nor are there many, if indeed any, of the anti-slavery warriors who have done more or better service than Mr. Burleigh. * * *

"It was still the cherished intention of Mr. Burleigh to devote himself to the law, and without neglecting his duties to *The Unionist*, he so diligently and successfully pursued his preparatory studies, that in January, 1835, he was examined and admitted to the bar. The committee of examination were surprised at his proficiency. He was pronounced the best prepared candidate that had been admitted to the Windham County Bar within the memory of those who were then practising there; and confident predictions were uttered by the most knowing ones of his rapid rise to eminence in the profession. Scarcely did Wendell Phillips awaken higher expectations of success as a lawyer in Boston, than C. C. Burleigh had awakened in Brooklyn. But just at the time of his admission I received a letter from Dr. Farnsworth, President of the Middlesex Anti-Slavery Society, inquiring urgently for some able lecturer, whose services could be obtained as the general agent of that Society. I knew of no one so able as Charles C. Burleigh. So I called upon him, told him of the many high compliments I had heard bestowed upon his appearance on the examination, and then said: 'Now I have already a most important case in which to engage your services,' and showed him Dr. Farnsworth's letter. For a few minutes he hesitated, and his countenance fell. The bright prospect of professional eminence was suddenly overcast. He more than suspected that, if he accepted the invitation, he should get so engaged in the anti-slavery cause as to be unable to leave the field until after its triumph. He would have to renounce all hope of wealth or political preferment, and lead a life of continual conflict with ungenerous opponents; so poorly requited for the labors, and suffer contumely, hatred, persecution. I saw what was passing in his mind, and that the struggle was severe. But it lasted only a little while—less than an hour. A bright and beautiful expression illuminated his countenance when he replied, 'This is not what I expected or intended, but it is what I ought to do. I will accept the invitation.'

"He did so. Before the close of the week he departed for his field of labor. And I believe he ceased not a day to be the agent of one anti-slavery society or another until after the lamented President Lincoln had proclaimed emancipation to all who were in bondage in our land."

Others can testify, as well as Mr. May, that Charles C. Burleigh was a "single-minded, pure-hearted, conscientious, self-sacrificing man." He was earnest and eloquent as a speaker; had great command of language, a wonderfully acute and logical intellect, with reasoning and argumentative powers of a very high order. There was a solemnity in his tone and manner that indicated the depth of his fervor and his marked religious nature; and although he was always serious, always solid, he could command the fixed attention of his hearers, often delighting them by the brilliancy of his rhetoric, the felicity of his imagery, and the force of his illustrations.

His funeral was very largely attended, so great was the throng that hundreds lingered outside of Cosmian Hall, where the services were held, unable to enter. Addresses were made by William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. Samuel May, Elizabeth Powell Bond and others. "Liberal and orthodox men and women united in tributes to his pure, broad life." Letters were read from a number of his life-long friends and fellow-laborers, bearing testimony to his high worth and his grand career of beneficent usefulness. John G. Whittier's letter spoke of him as "one of the ablest and most self-sacrificing of the number, now sadly depleted, who compelled the reluctant people to see the sin and danger of slavery. * * * As a debater, I have rarely seen his equal. He seemed in his best moments to combine the impetuous eloquence of a Henry with the severe logic of a Calhoun. One after another, in rapid succession, the pioneers of the great movement are passing on.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summit,
Like waves that know no guiding hand,
So swift has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land."

W.

—Mrs. William McCarty, an old lady living near Bordentown, N. J., on Friday night was returning home when she was attacked by two ferocious dogs which mutilated her so terribly that there are doubts of her recovery.

—A sailboat containing three Bristolians capsized near Burlington last Sunday afternoon. The sailors were fortunately good swimmers and no lives were lost.

—George Stolner, of Hickorytown, Montgomery county, is under $500 bail to answer the charge of obtaining a drove of hogs on false pretences.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM CELIA'S NOTE BOOK.

Beneath the waning moon I walk at night,
And muse on human life—for all around
Are dim uncertain shapes that cheat the sight,
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,
Glance through, and leave unwarmed the death-like air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear—
A hollow sound as if I walked on tombs;
And lights that tell of cheerful homes, appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms.
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
And, like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er from the empyreal height,
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

Bryant.

How the mountains love their children! The sea is of a facile virtue, and will run to kiss the first comer in any port he visits; but the chaste mountains sit apart, and show their faces only in the midst of their own families.

History shows that the human mind, fed by constant accessions of knowledge, periodically grows too large for its theoretical coverings, and bursts them asunder to appear in new habiliments, as the feeding and growing grub, at intervals, casts its too narrow skin and assumes another, itself but temporary.

There are many speculations in literature, philosophy and religion, which, though pleasant to walk in, and lying under the shadow of great names, yet lead to no important results. They resemble those roads in the western forests, which, though broad and pleasant at first, and lying beneath the shadow of great branches, finally dwindle to a squirrel track, and run up a tree.

Welcome, Disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend: Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend! O, there is something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oft-times better than success.

The Prince of Verona said to Dante: "I wonder that a man so learned as you, should be hated by all my court, and that this fool should be so loved." Dante replied, "You would wonder less, if you considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

Doubtless our early joy is wrought up in our nature as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot.

Beliefs must be lived in for a good while, before they accommodate themselves to the soul's wants, and wear loose enough to be comfortable.

The man who carves the channel of a laborious life, taps the springs of tributary joys through every mile.

Every word we speak is the medal of a dead thought or feeling, struck in the die of some human experience, worn smooth by innumerable contracts, and always transferred warm from one to another.

'Tis a defect in our manners that they have not yet reached the prescribing a limit to visits. That every well-dressed lady or gentleman should be at liberty to exceed ten minutes in his or her call on serious people, shows a civilization still rude.

"My evenings are very precious to me," said Hawthorne, "and some of them are unavoidably thrown away in paying or receiving visits, or in writing letters of business, and therefore I prize the rest as if the sands of the hour-glass were gold or diamond dust."

Some one talked of challenging Choate's vote on the ground that he could not write. "Better not," said a friend, "he will hand in a specimen of his penmanship, and then challenge your vote on the ground that you cannot read."

We are but shadows, and are not endowed with real life till the heart be touched. That touch creates us, then we begin to be; thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn Pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away.

Oh for a man that will stand up and say I want to be good, honest, virtuous, and upright, loving my neighbors as myself, helping my fellow-man along the rugged road of life, simply from a love of doing these things for their own sake, and not because he fears eternal torture in hell and hopes for a reward of a golden crown in Heaven!

The Duchess of Marlborough gave a feast annually to her relatives, some of whom expected legacies from her. She once remarked: "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the same root." "Alas!" said one of her nephews, "the branches would flourish far better if the root were under ground."

A child having plucked some roses, was reproved by her father, who said: "Didn't I tell you not to pick any flower without leave?" "Yes papa," replied she, "but all these had leaves."

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent, in order that he may hear from some one else. O nightingale! bring thou the glad tidings of spring, and leave bad news to the owl!

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

How lovely seems the sun to us,—at night,
When his soft lights dawns on us from the moon!
'Tis the sun's light and not the moon's, although
She is so near, and he has dropped from sight.
Hast thou done some good deed, and therefore now
A human face smiles on thee through its tears,—
Then see there, too, the Godhead's mediate face
Soft-beaming as the *solar-lunar* light!

Some people are exceedingly impertinent. They take liberties in asking questions and volunteering comments where persons of delicate sensibilities could not possibly intrude. They are disagreeable meddlers, and are usually too obtuse to see any virtue in common propriety. "Forget impertinence," says Lavater, "forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance from whom it proceeds."

It is said that when the Spaniard gives to the poor he does it with uncovered head, and humbly. Perhaps he does it in the spirit which implies that he is thus "lending to the Lord," and the kindly act moves him to reverence.

A loquacious lady commenced to tell her complaint to Dr. Abernethy. The Doctor said: "How long will it take to tell the story?" "Twenty minutes," said she. He said: "Go on I will be back from the next street by the time you are done."

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main batch.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the *cat'll* eat it.

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See you tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

☞ INDIGESTION.—The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and to keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

Morrisville Notes.

Mr. Phineas Jenkins sent in his resignation (to take effect June 1st) to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. For twenty-five years he had held the position of overseeing the carpenter work done for that company between Trenton and Philadelphia. Although upwards of seventy years of age he is still an active gentleman. Mr. Lovett, of Tullytown, succeeds him. For more than twenty years has Mr. J. been connected with the school board of the borough, and is and has been for many years its treasurer.

Mr. Chaplain, Presiding Elder, was at the M. E. Church, June 12th. Revs. Rogers and Alcoran, and Rev. Mr. Gilbert, pastor of the church, were also present.

The Sunday School Institute held last week was well attended. The subjects for consideration on Thursday afternoon and evening were well discussed by Messrs. Wylie, Conard, Ramsey, Rogers, Hofford and Osborne. Mr. Johnson, of Philadelphia, favored the audience with some excellent music.

Samuel White, son of Sarah White, was buried from his mother's residence on Tuesday afternoon.

The Chambersburg public schools held their annual picnic in the grove on Friday, June 14th. About 10 A. M., 800 pupils with teachers and friends, arrived at the grove. Each pupil carried a lunch-box, on which was printed name of school, date of picnic, and where held. Their names were written on the boxes, and they were decorated in a variety of ways, according to the taste of the decorator. Peterman's Band enlivened the day's pleasure, and "Punch and Judy" was well performed for the satisfaction of the pupils.

The Presbyterian Church was handsomely decorated with flowers, ferns, and two large flags, on Sunday, in observance of Children's Day.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Stacy Potts, of Washington. He frequently visited his relatives here and in the Manor, and consequently was acquainted with many in this vicinity, who highly esteemed him. He was drowned on Sunday night week whilst returning up the Potomac on a steam yacht. Messrs. R. W. and E. M. Mull on learning of the accident went on to Washington.

☞A good straw hat for 10 cents at Wood's Cheap Store.

☞A nice parasol for 18 cents at Wood's. Ladies elegant linen suits for $2.75 at Wood's.

☞Gents linen coats, 30 and 35 cents. Straw hats for Sunday, 25, 50 and 75 cents at Wood's.

☞Good calico 4 cents a yard; white Pique 7 cents a yard at the Cheap Cash Store.

☞Only the pure Paris Green sold at Parker's Drug Store.

☞A full line of Humphrey's Homœpathic Specifics, at Parker's Drug Store.

☞Humphrey's Witch Hazel Oil cures Piles, etc., for sale at Parker's.

☞Get your pictures framed at the ARK, 31 Mill street. The cheapest frames and chromos in the county.

☞If your spectacles don't suit you, try a pair of the Celebrated Perfected Spectacles. They succeed where others fail. For sale only by A. E. Baylies, Jeweler, Mill St., between Wood and Pond, Bristol, Pa.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For cheap clothing go to Tylers. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

18 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
June 19, 1878—4 P. M.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The market has been dull to-day but strong, especially so when the sharp decline in Lake Shore is taken into consideration, as the price of this stock generally has its influence upon the price of Pennsylvania R. R. Our market opened firm, fell off slightly in sympathy with New York and then advanced again, selling at its highest prices at the close, and ending strong.

Penna R. R. opened at 30¼ and declined from this to 30. It then went to 30¼ again, and after selling at 30¼ just at the close, ends 30⅛-¼.

Reading opened at 15¾ and went to 15⅞, closing 15¾-⅞.

Lehigh Navigation closes 16½ bid.

Gold opened 100⅛ and without change during the day closes the same.

Yours, truly, MARIS & SMITH.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR.—The Flour market is very dull. Sales of superfine at $3 to 3 25, extra $4 50 to 5, extra family $5 to 5 60, and fancy brands $6 to 7. Rye Flour $2 75 to 2 87 per barrel. Bran $13 50 to 14 per ton.

GRAIN.—Wheat is lower. Sales of Western red at $1 08 to $1 12, State red $1 13 to 1 14, amber 1 17 to $1 18, and white $1 20 to 1 22. Rye 55 to 58c. Corn 46 to 47c. Oats, white, 30 to 31½c., mixed 27 to 29c.

SEEDS.—Clover 6a7c. per lb.; Timothy $1 25 a 1 30 per bushel, and Flax $1 30.

PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, $9 50a10 00 per bbl.; Bacon Hams, canvassed, 7½a9c., Excelsior, 10a11c. Lard, 7a7½c. Butter, extra creamery, 18a19c., do. firsts 13a15c.; State tubs, 15a17c., do. firsts 12a14c.; Western 12a13c½.; State rolls 9a10c. Cheese: New York factory, 8a8½c.; do. fair to good, 7½a8c.; Western choice, 7½a7½c.; do. fair to good, 6½a7c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 15a16c.

POTATOES.—New, Southern, $2 00 to 2 25 per barrel; old Early Rose 45 to 55c. per bushel, Peachblows 45 to 50c., Peerless 35 to 45c., Prince Alberts 40 to 50c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef Cattle were in better demand, and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 5½a6½c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers; 4½a5½c. for fair to good do., and 3a4½c. per pound gross for common as to quality. Sheep were dull and rather lower, and sold at 3½a4½c. per pound gross as to condition. Hogs were unchanged, at 5a5½c. per pound as to condition.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET.—For the past week: Loads of Hay, 348; Straw, 39 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 60c. a 70c; Mixed, 50c. to 60c. Straw, 50c. a 60c. per 100 lbs.

MARRIED.

BANES—LAWRENCE.—December 18th, 1877, at Camden, by Rev. Richard George Moses, Mr. Edmund L. Banes and Miss Clara Lawrence, both of Bristol.

BRUTON—BOOZ.—In Morrisville, June 13, 1878, by Rev. M. L. Hofford, Mr. George H Bruton and Miss Annie T. Booz, both of Falls township, Bucks county.

New Advertisements.

Plows, Harrows, Plow Castings,

SHOVELS, Forks, Hoes, Whiffletrees and Clevices, Post Hole Diggers and Crow Bars, Draining Tile, &c.

J. W. CORNELL & CO'S.,
Seed and implement Warehouse,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

☞Full line of Vegetable and Fower Seeds,—new, genuine, and true to name.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF BENJAMIN HEADLEY, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same, to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to
THOMAS C. HEADLEY,
ANDREW QUINTON,
THOMAS CROZER,
SARAH K. HARPER,
GEORGE W. HARPER,
Executors.
Or ANTHONY SWAIN, their Attorney.
Bristol Borough, June 20, 1878. 249

RYE WANTED.

1000 BUSHELS OF RYE WANTED at NEWPORTVILLE MILLS. All other kinds of Grain bought at market prices. Wheat and Rye Flour of the best quality, and Lime, Land Plaster and Cements for sale at Newportville Mills, Bucks county. I. C. FETTER.
212

For Sale.

THE LARGE THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE at the north corner of RADCLIFFE AND PENN Sts., containing 12 rooms. It is beautifully located—second to none in Bristol—well built, nearly new, and conveniently arranged throughout. Inquire of
176 M. A. WALMSLEY, Bristol, Pa.

House to Let.

FIVE ROOMS, Cedar Street above Mill. $7 per month. Apply to
H. PURSELL,
244 S. W. corner Mill and Cedar Sts.

House in Spruce Street for Rent, WITH STABLING AND LOT.

Apply to E. G. HARRISON & SON,
197 44 Mill Street.

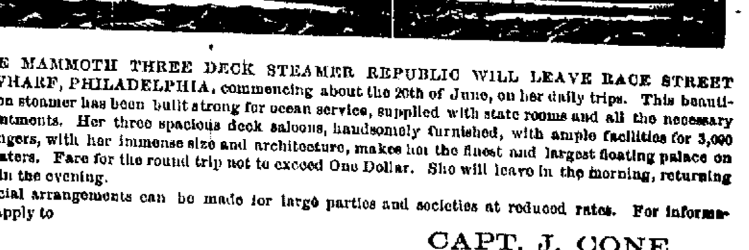
Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County,

BRISTOL, PA., Fifth Mo. 7th, 1878.

THE Directors have this day declared a dividend of six per cent. clear of taxes, payable on demand.
226 CHAS. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Miscellaneous.

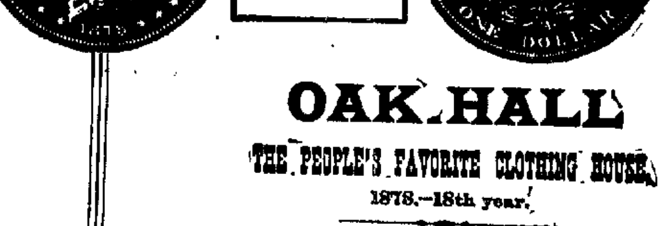
DAILY EXCURSIONS TO CAPE MAY.



THE MAMMOTH THREE DECK STEAMER REPUBLIC WILL LEAVE RACE STREET WHARF, PHILADELPHIA, commencing about the 20th of June, on her daily trips. This beautiful iron steamer has been built strong for ocean service, supplied with state rooms and all the necessary appointments. Her three spacious deck saloons, handsomely furnished, with ample facilities for 3,000 passengers, with her immense size and architecture, makes her the finest and largest floating palace on our waters. Fare for the round trip not to exceed One Dollar. She will leave in the morning, returning early in the evening.

Special arrangements can be made for large parties and societies at reduced rates. For information, apply to

CAPT. J. CONE,
235 Steamer Columbia, Chestnut Street Wharf, Philadelphia.



OAK HALL

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE CLOTHING HOUSE,
1878.—18th year.

With much greater variety
Than ever
With ampler facilities
Than ever
With far more customers
Than ever
We are better prepared
Than ever
At considerably lower prices
Than ever

To Supply The Men and Boys of America With Superb Clothing From the Largest Clothing House in America.

Only One Price. The Lowest. Terms Cash.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.
Samples and prices mailed anywhere.
Orders by mail promptly executed.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
Sixth & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, to me directed, will be sold at Public Sale, on the premises,
On Saturday, June 22nd, A. D., 1878,
At two o'clock P. M., all that certain Messuage and Lot of Land situate in the Borough of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., described as follows: Containing thirty feet in front or breadth on the northwesterly side of Radcliffe street, one hundred and ninety feet distant from the northerly corner of Radcliffe and Washington streets, and extending in length or depth between parallel lines at right angles with Radcliffe street, two hundred and fifteen feet, more or less, to the southeasterly side of Cedar street, bounded northeastwardly by land of James W. Martin, and southwestwardly by land of Edward Swain. The improvements are a three-story frame dwelling house, Swiss cottage, twenty five feet front by about thirty feet deep, an adjoining back building, eighteen feet by twenty-five, two stories high, containing ten rooms, besides halls, bath room, store room, &c., and good cellar underneath, with balconies and bay windows, all well finished, in modern style, and furnished with heating apparatus, water, gas, &c. The situation is beautiful, near the bank of the river, of which it gives a good view.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of HELEN WALL PIERSON, and will be sold by
J. D. K. REINHART, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, June 4, 1878. 239

MRS. L. A. CARR,
No. 69 Bath Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
DRESS MAKER.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS made in the latest styles and best manner, at the lowest rates.

CUTTING AND FITTING at the shortest notice.
Underwear and Machine Stitching.
N. B.—Tailoring in all its branches.
Boy's Suits cut and made reasonably. 49

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.
☞Special inducements given cash customers. 28

New Meat Shop,
Mill Street above Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, &c., at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally, and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

EDUCATION.

THE REV. DR. DRUMM (formerly Rector of St. James Church), being unable at present to engage in parochial work, wishes to get a few private pupils to prepare for college, or for professional or commercial life. Instruction given in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, History, English Literature, &c. For particulars apply to advertiser in person, or by letter to Box 75, Post Office, Bristol, Pa. 195

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
R. L. GURNEE, Principal.

Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week; for Day Pupils, from $2.50 to $8, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8, in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 535

Going! Going! Gone!
CHARLES LOVETT,

OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS AUCTIONEER for the sale of Real and Personal Property to the citizens of Bucks County. Having considerable experience he is satisfied that he can give general satisfaction. CHARLES LOVETT,
Market Street, between Cedar and Wood,
55 BRISTOL, PA.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

THE Treasurer will be at the Town Hall, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., ON TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JULY 9th and 10th, to receive the Borough Tax then due for 1878.
C. W. PEIRCE, JR., Treasurer.
June 5th, 1878. 242

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.

THE Collector will be at the Town Hall, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., on TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JULY 9th and 10th, to receive the School Tax then due for 1878.
245 CHARLES S. BAILEY, Collector.

FRANK P. ADAMS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 10 Wood Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

FOR A BEAUTIFUL, PERFECT fitting, life-like, strong set of Teeth, consult the established Dentist, Dr. BASSETT, 315 Spruce street, Philadelphia. Sets $3 to $15. No students. Painless extracting. Teeth repaired and remodelled. 243

NEW MARBLE YARD.
WILLIAM DAVIS,
Marble Cutter.
Having leased the lot at corner of
Market and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL,

Is prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, ELABORATE, SIMPLE or MASSIVE. Cemetery Lots Enclosed, in every style.

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES
As cheap as can be done elsewhere.
☞Give me a call, get my prices and look at my work before purchasing elsewhere. 780

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,
MARBLE
and
Brown Stone
CUTTERS,
Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES and STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

TREES! TREES! TREES!
Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH
Bartlett and Seckel
Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.

We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shining Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.
JOHN SHERWOOD & SON,
1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol
775

H. A. BRADFIELD,
Mill Street near the Canal Bridge,
AGENT FOR
Decker Bros., Steck, Bradbury and Haines Bros.
PIANOS,
and
The Mason & Hamlin Organs.

Prices cheap as the cheapest, and almost any make of instrument obtained very low.
A complete stock of VIOLIN STRINGS. Best Italian Strings, $1 per set, sent by mail on receipt of price. Also Musical Publications of all kinds, Sheet Music, Books, etc.
Singer Improved Sewing Machines
For sale—down to $30. Call and see them. 74

THE MILD POWER CURES.
HUMPHREY'S
HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

BEEN in general use for twenty years. Everywhere proved the most Safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicines known. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering. Every single specific the well tried prescription of an eminent physician.
For sale by druggists generally.
Humphrey's Specific Manual on the treatment of disease and its cure, sent free on application to Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.
JOSEPH PARKER, Agent,
247 Mill Street, Bristol

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 36

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING SOME EXPERIENCE AS
AUCTIONEER
FOR THE SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY, offers his services to the citizens of Bucks County, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of the business. Address, Bristol, Pa.
124 W. H. PAXSON.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon."

Oh! let the soul its slumber break—
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay,
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day,
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal,
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here,
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us awake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away,
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay
The step that loved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on!

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CONDUCTED BY A LADY

Green Peas should be put into *boiling* water, and enough to well cover them. Boil from 20 to 35 minutes, according to age. Drain well when done, and salt and butter them after they are in the dish.

String beans should be broken and put into cold water, for an hour or two before boiling; then drain in a colander and put into *plenty* of boiling water with a spoonful of salt in it, or more, according to the quantity of beans. Some like a piece of salt pork or beef boiled with the beans, to "relish" them. Boil an hour and a half, if the beans are young. Beans can hardly be cooked too much.

Early beets will boil in less than an hour; put into boiling water. Later beets needs more cooking. When done, peal and slice them, season with salt, pepper, and butter, and send to the table hot.

Clam Fritters.—Make a rather thick batter with two eggs, a *little* milk and flour, season well with salt and pepper. Chop fine two dozen clams, and stir into the batter which has been *well beaten*. Fry in hot lard, a spoonful at a time.

Clam Soup.—Take three dozen hard shelled clams and chop fine. To two quarts of water, add the juice of the clams, boil, and skim, and season with salt and pepper. Add a cup of rolled oyster crackers, or thicken with flour, and butter the size of an egg. Just before serving, add the chopped clams, boil one minute and send to the table *hot*. Have whole oyster crackers on the table.

Currant Jelly.—Wash and drain the fruit (on the stems) and boil until the fruit breaks. Press out the juice and allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put the sugar in shallow pans in a warm oven, boil the juice five minutes, then add the hot sugar and boil one minute. Pour into glasses, and when cold, cover with a well fitted paper on the jelly, and another paper pasted over the top of the glass. Do not make your jelly after a rain, the fruit is too wet.

Currant Catsup.—Five pounds of currants, three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two teaspoonful of all kinds of spice, and one of black pepper, and half a teaspoonful of cayenne, one of mustard and two of salt. Boil the whole together one hour.

REFORMED SPELLING.—W. T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and superintendent of schools in St. Louis, said in a recent address — "In this matter we of St. Louis can speak with positive experience. In the fall of 1866 the phonetic modification of the alphabet, as invented by Dr Edwin Leigh, was tried in one of our public schools as an experiment, and the following year it was adopted throughout the public schools of this city, where it has ever since retained its place. By this system the child has a perfectly phonetic alphabet in so far as one sound for each character is concerned, although it violates the third law of Latham in having more than one character for the same sound. Yet, even with this, we find the following advantages in the system, which is still in use with us after ten years — 1. Gain in time—a saving of one year out of the three years usually occupied in learning to call off easy words at sight. 2. Distinct articulation, the removal of foreign accent and of local and peculiar intonations. 3. The development of logical power of mind in the pupil. He can safely be taught to analyze a word into its sounds and to find the letters representing them, whereas, with the ordinary orthography it is an insult to his reason to assure him that a sound is represented by any particular letter. Hence analytical power is trained instead of mere memory from the day of his entrance into school—and analytic power is the basis of all thinking activity."

THE VALUE OF A SQUAW.—The Sioux is generally a mild polygamist. The young squaw is valued by her father according to her youth and comeliness, an available one being worth all the way from six to fifteen ponies. The squaw is the most abject slave of her connubial partner. She is compelled to draw and prepare the wood for fuel, besides cooking the rations and taking care of her offspring. The last-named duty is, however, not a very onerous one. The Indian is as fond of a joke or a game as his brother-in-law (the squaw man) or his white superior. Ha-ka-ka, or Indian billiards, is one of his amusements. The game consists in pitching the anchor-shaped ha-ka-ka through a small ring while the latter is swiftly rolling, the various players taking their regular turn at pitching, while the whole group swiftly follow the rolling ring or hoop, and dart their ha-ka-kas at a time when they think it will do the most good. Gambling is an old vice with Indians, and the young braves will stake their all on a game of ha-ka-ka. The squaws are also inveterate gamblers.—*Dakota Herald.*

The Emperor of Germany if one may believe divers pleasant anecdotes concerning him, is a stout disciplinarian. It is said that at one of the recent State balls he observed that a young officer, in talking to his partner, had accidentally turned his back on an English lady. Walking up to the unconscious offender, he seized him by the shoulders and turned him round, telling him at the same time that he should never turn his back on a lady. It is related also that his Majesty happened to see another officer dancing rather awkwardly and immediately told his Colonel to inform him that he was not to dance again until he had learned to do it better—an excellent injunction.

Health is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial or restraint which we submit to for the sake of it is too much. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or to undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it puts us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to.

Stick to your business, whatever that may be, is the only wholesome and safe rule to follow. Let young men set out in life with this principle firmly fixed in their minds, never to be departed from. Success may seem to be delayed, but it will be sure, and that the slow tortoise outstrips the nimble hare is more fact than fable. Stick to your business, and your business will ultimately repay your devotion a thousand-fold.

The dress of the mistress of the house has a bearing on her influence. Injunctions as to care and precision in the household work come with greater emphasis from one who herself is habitually neat in attire, than from one whose slovenly looks are a perpetual example for untidiness everywhere.

Miscellaneous.

The Largest Store! The Largest Stock! THE LOWEST PRICES!

NO ONE allowed to undersell us, we buy cheaper than any one, and therefore sell cheaper. LOOK HERE! Men's high laced strong Shoes $1, men's buckle Plough Shoes, $1, gents' low Walking Shoes, $1 25 and $1 35, gents' good Congress Gaiters, $1 25, best 3-lb Tomatoes, 10 cts, good Rio Coffee, 20 cts, best 25 and 28 cts, best Java, 33 cts lb, Concentrated Lye, 12 cts box, best Stove Polish, 3 cts, Washing Soap, 5 and 6 cts; good Starch, 6 cts lb, Canary Seed 8 cts lb; splendid Green, Black or Mixed TEA, 40 cts. lb; gents' fine diagonal worsted Dress Suits, pants, coat and vest, only $6, worth double, gents' all-wool Pants, $3, gents fine worsted Pants, $1 50 a $1 75; boys full suits, $3 75, upward, children's suits, $2 50, Men's lined Pants, 75c, better, $1 00 $1 25, Overalls 31 35 and 40 cts, best duck Overalls, 60 cts, Cheviot Shirts, 35, 40 cts, Percale Shirts, two collars 75c, best laundried White Shirts, pure linen shield bosom, $1 00, unlaundried, linen bosom Dress Shirts, 75 cts. Sole agency for the famous "Pearl" Shirts, 3 ply linen bosom, Wamsutta muslin, guaranteed fit, only $1. HATS! HATS! Boys felt, 50 cts. best quality boys telescope, $1, mens good Hats, 85c. Fruit of the Loom Muslin, (remnants) 4 cts yd. best Calico 4 and 5 cts yd., Ladies tucked and ruffled Skirts 45 cts. A large line of Corsets 25 30 40 cts to $1, "Jouvier" Kid Gloves, 60c, Embroideries, from 5 cts yd, best Spool Cotton, 5 cts, Knitting Cotton, 4 cts ball, Quilting Cotton, 10 cts lb, Table Linen, 25 cts yd, Tin Milk Pails $2 25 per doz; large Tea and Coffee Pots, 15, 18 to 30 cts. Oil Cans, 15c and 20c, Wash Boilers 60c, 70c upward, Wash Basins, 18 to 25c., patented Dinner Kettles, 35 to 50c, Cups and Saucers, 30 to 40 cts. sett, Chamber setts, $2 50, best English ware $3, Glass Lamps, complete, 20 and 25c. splendid Tumblers, 40 and 45 cts doz, good Goblets, 50, 60 cents doz, Individual Salts, 30 cts. doz; large Glass Pitchers, 60c. Ladies and Children's Shoes—a large stock—Ladies' Button Shoes, as low as $1, Ladies Lasting Shoes, $1, childrens Shoes 25c. upward. Baskets! Baskets! All sizes and prices. Trunks! Trunks! All kinds, all sizes, and lowest prices from $1 up. Baby Carriages from $4 50. Brown Mixed Paint 4c lb. Lard Oil, $1 per gallon and numerous other things which we are selling at very low prices FOR CASH

WOOD'S CHEAP STORES,
58 and 60 Mill Street. Bristol

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL Insurance Company

INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES &c., &c.,

(No hazardous risks taken)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office

No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.
JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT
F. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

SAMUEL C. BRUDON,

Radcliffe and Market Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Dealer in Fish and Oysters.

EVERY VARIETY OF FISH from fresh and salt water. Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, Soft Shell Crabs, &c., in season. My stock is selected with great care, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious both as to quality and price. 7

JOHN K. WILDMAN,

No. 26 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

BONDS AND STOCKS
of all kinds bought and sold

United States Bonds

EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES

WILLIAM C. PEIRCE, Stock Broker,

NO. 136 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.

Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 551

MARIS & SMITH, BANKERS AND BROKERS,

No. 18 South Third Street,
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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS, &c.,
Bought and sold on Commission

Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual
No. 510 Walnut Street,
Opposite Independence Square, PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL $400,000 00
ASSETS 1,704,481 36

Directors:

John Devereux, Thomas Smith,
Daniel Smith, Jr., Henry Lewis,
Isaac Hazlehurst, J. Gillingham Fell,
Thomas Robins, Dan'l Haddock, Jr.,
Franklin A. Comly
JOHN DEVEREUX, President
WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary
114 JOHN L. THOMSON, Asst Sec

THE INDEPENDENT Mutual FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.

GEORGE W. RHAWN, President
LESTER COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Sec'y and Treas
EMMOR COMLY, Agent, Bristol.
1085

POMONA NURSERY.

Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines and Plants.
BEST STRAWBERRIES, nine inches around, Great American, Beauty, Cap Jack, and Crescent Seedling.
BEST RASPBERRIES, three inches around, Pride of the Hudson, Henrietta, Early Prolific, Reliance, and Susqueco.
TEN ACRES yielded $4,338.
FORTY YEARS AMONG SMALL FRUITS, telling What and How to Plant. Illustrated. Send for catalogue. WM. PARRY,
72 Cinnaminson, N. J.

Notice.

AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 28 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same.

Yours respectfully, A. K. HOFF.

N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 190

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake BAKER,

Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D., DENTIST.

48 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

Bristol.

Summer Campaign.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,

Next Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

LARGEST STOCK.
FINEST GOODS.
LOWEST PRICES.
LATEST NOVELTIES.

A LARGE VARIETY OF
DRESS GOODS,
For Summer Wear, at lower prices than ever.

FRENCH CASHMERE, BLACK,
At 40c, 62c, 75c, 90c and $1 00 per yd.
BLACK ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS
BLACK HERNANIES and GRENADINES
HANDSOME LINE OF DRESS GOODS, At 20c
BARGAINS IN POPLIN LUSTRES, at 12½c
A LARGE VARIETY OF BOURETTES, At 12½c
THIN CLOTHS, FOR LADIES' SACQUES AND CHILDREN'S SUITINGS.

Just Opened a Large Assortment of
LAWNS,
With Side Borders, at 12½c yard

THE BEST GRADES of MUSLINS,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

BEST PRINTS, 5, 6, and 8c yard

WHITE GOODS! WHITE GOODS!
In all their variety

FINE LISLE THREAD GLOVES,
From 15c. to 75c pair
WHITE LISLE GLOVE, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 Buttons
KID GLOVES, Light Shades, 2 Button, 50c
HAMBURG EDGINGS, from 5c to $1 50 yd

CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!
From 25c to $2 60

A fine assortment of
LADIES' MISSES AND CHILDREN'S
FINE BALBRIGGAN HOSE.
STRIPED HOSE, from 10c to 75c pair

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS!
LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS!
Fresh stock at very low prices
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' CALICO SACQUES
CHEMISE, from 50c to $2 50
NIGHT DRESSES AND DRAWERS
CHILDREN'S ROBES AND DRESSES.

LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
Gents' Ladies' and Children's
SUMMER MERINO AND GAUZE UNDERWEAR.
GENTS' GAUZE SHIRTS, at 25c. each.

MILLINERY GOODS!
MILLINERY GOODS!
SILKS, RIBBONS AND FLOWERS
Ladies', Misses and Children's STRAW HATS.

A LARGE STOCK OF
HOUSE FURNISHING DRY GOODS,
TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, TOWELS and TOWELING

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings,
BRUSSELS, SUPER INGRAINS,
COTTON INGRAINS and HEMP CARPETS.
OIL CLOTHS 10 4, 8 4, 6 4, 5 4, 4 4 wide
TABLE OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES AND SHADE FIXTURES.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!

Children's Carriages,
Children's Carriages.

A LARGE, WELL SELECTED AND FRESH STOCK OF
FINE GROCERIES,
At Lowest Prices.

J. Wesley Wright.

Miscellaneous.

JOSEPH SHERMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS,
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Mill—Dorrance Street, west of Railroad,
65 BRISTOL, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia.
FLOUR A SPECIALTY. 641

B. SMITH,

FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED, REPAIRED, VARNISHED, AND OILED,
Chairs Re-Caned,
No. 209 Diamond Street, Corner Philip Street, Philadelphia.
All country orders promptly attended to
Always on hand, a stock of Ladies and Children's ROCKING CHAIRS, very cheap. Please give me a call 698

IVINS & BROTHER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in
Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,
Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 719

READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.
Is endorsed by every PRACTICAL PAINTER. COVERING CAPACITY AND DURABILITY EXCEED ANY KNOWN PAINT. Buildings Painted with our Prepared Paints if not satisfactory will be Repainted at our Expense.
For sale by J. S. THOMAS,
274 Bristol, Pa

SPECIAL NOVELTIES IN House-Furnishing MATERIALS,

The Best Productions of
MODERN INDUSTRIAL ART.

EVERY article used in fitting up an apartment or dwelling house. CURTAINS, CURTAIN HANGINGS, FURNITURE COVERINGS, EASTLAKE, QUEEN ANNE AND JACOBEAN FURNITURE, including the selections of Carpets and Paper Hangings.

Friends, Customers, Strangers visiting the city and the public generally are cordially invited to call and examine the large and varied stock and the very reasonable price at which it is offered.

WALRAVEN,

1105 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA. 11

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES

GEORGE D. SMITH,
No 621 & 623 N. Second St., Philadelphia
(Established in 1843)

HAS now the most complete systematized establishment in the city. Offers the largest and best selected FURNITURE to be found anywhere, from the most ... Parlor Suits and Walnut Chamber Suits down to the humblest Cottage Suits, determined to suit all classes at one price and at the lowest bottom for one month to come. Also has added a full line of Carpets, Oil Cloths and Window Shades lower than elsewhere. No misrepresentation in any case. 176

FREEMAN & MILLER, Furniture and Bedding,

45 North Second Street, Philadelphia,

WILL sell until further notice goods at such prices as cannot but INSURE their certain sale. Especially would we call attention to a large line of very superior and handsome

PARLOR and CHAMBER FURNITURE,
gotten up for our BEST CUSTOM which we are offering at SPECIAL BARGAINS to close them out. Possible in the NEXT NINETY DAYS. Do not fail to call and see us, and judge for yourselves. 188

COWELL HOUSE,

Corner of New York and Embury Avenues,
OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

Will be Open 1st of June.
(First Class Accommodations)
227 W. E. McCOMAS, Manager.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

THE WONDERFUL CHIMPANZEES, ELEPHANTS, LIONS, Tigers, Giraffes, Sea Lions, Grizzly and Polar Bears, Monkeys, &c. &c. Largest collection of Living Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles on the Continent.

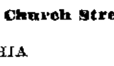
OPEN EVERY DAY.

Excursionists need not carry lunch. A commodious and *cheap* restaurant is on the ground.

Admission—Adults, 25c. Children, 10c. 211

Globe Horse and Carriage Bazaar.

Tenth and Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia.
SERRILL & SHOEMAKER, Proprietors.



AUCTION SALES OF HORSES, CARRIAGES AND HARNESS EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY at 10 o'clock A. M. (on and after Tuesday March 12th). Private sales every day. Consignments solicited and liberal advances made. Good Stabling for 130 horses, and storage room for 500 carriages. 161

WUNDER'S OYSTER BAY,

S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets
86 PHILADELPHIA

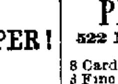
JOSEPH W. THOMPSON, HATS, CAPS AND STRAW GOODS,

No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side. Four doors above Girard Ave., PHILADELPHIA
A full assortment of Umbrellas 27

LOUIS C. FISHER, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

522 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

8 Card Photographs for .... 50 Cts
3 Fine Card Photographs for .... 50 "
6 " " " $1 00
6 Finely Finished Photographs for 1 50
Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or Indian Ink
All work warranted to give satisfaction. 10



Beautiful Artificial Teeth, from $5 to $8 per Set, guaranteed to fit and cut perfect. Impression in the morning, teeth in the afternoon. Painless extraction with gas 50 cents per tooth. Teeth extracted *free* when others are inserted. Old sets repaired equal to new. Filling with Gold or Amalgam. COLLEGE, 514 PINE Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Please clip this out.) 160

MUSIC!

FOR BALLS, PARTIES, PIC-NICS, FESTIVALS, &c. Call on or address
JAMES SEDDON,
BROAD AND VINE STS., PHILADA.
Residence, 309 North 15th street, above Vine. 17

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons are forbid trespassing and loafing on my premises at the Bath Springs, or they will be dealt with according to law. JARED HELLINGS.

A. HAMMER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,
Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle,
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to. SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate, $2 50
ASSANPINK BLOCK, GREENE STREET
818 TRENTON, N. J.

A Cordial Invitation

IS extended to the readers of this paper when in Trenton to visit the Jewelry Palace of Messrs

COOK & JAQUES,
On State Street,
And view their fine display of
Artistic Jewelry,

And choice designs of ladies and gentlemen's Gold Watches and Chains. Their selection of Roman Gold Neck Chains, Crosses, Lockets, and full Roman setts of Jewelry, Ear Rings, Buttons and Studs are superior to any found in the State. They are of rich designs and goods that are rare to find. They are constantly adding new and fresh goods to their stock for the Holiday Trade in Clocks, Bronzes for mantle outfits which make a very beautiful Bridal or Christmas Present, as well as choice pieces of sterling Silver, new and elegant designs of Silver Plated Wares, Napkin Rings, Pocket Fruit Knives, Tea Spoons, Table Spoons, Forks, and a large variety of Tea, Table and Dessert Knives and every thing to furnish out a house complement, including Casters, "Individual Salt Distributors, Soup Ladles, etc. Diamond Rings, and plain 18k Engagement Rings always on hand. Cook & Jaques ask you to call and look at what they have and they will try and please you in everything you want, and make prices as low as the quality will allow. Christmas is coming and we have just what you all want. 89

"Things equal to the same thing, are equal to each other."
BUT NO ONE THING HAS YET BEEN INVENTED TO EQUAL THE NEW

SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW,

On the following points

1 Durability.
2 Will clean in any soil superior to the best tempered Steel Plows.
3 Lighter draft, superiority over any Cast Iron Plow, and a draft twenty five per cent less.
4 At a price less than that of any Steel Plow or any other Plow which is really a Chilled Plow.
5 Leaving the soil in a better condition than any Plow in use.
6 That no farmer can afford to plow his soil without one. If you want to see it work drop me a line.

L. L. WHITE,
88 Yardleyville, Pa.

BURLINGTON Carriage Factory!

BROAD STREET, BELOW THE DEPOT,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

I AM now prepared to ... you for all kinds of Carriages, Light and Heavy, of the most approved styles and finish, made of the best material and by first class workmen. I have a number of first class Carriages on hand at present comprising

Phaetons—Extension Tops and Lady's Pony Phaetons, Double Seat Standing Tops, Jenny Lind Falling Top Buggies, No-Top Buggies and Track Sulkies,

which I will sell for the lowest cash price. Those who want first class Carriages will do well to call and examine my stock as I will not be undersold by any one who does first class work. Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.
158 JOHN GRAFF

Picture Glass.

JUST RECEIVED, A LOT OF
FRENCH GLASS
For Covering Pictures.

Pure and free from blisters, and but little higher in price than common American

Sizes from 8x8 to 25x40 inches
83 J. H. BOSTWICK.

BURKE'S EXPRESS,

No. 38 South Delaware Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
120

CARPETS

Washed and Scoured
INGRAIN CARPETS, 5 cents per yard.
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 6 cents per yard
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA 402

LUTHER BOYCE,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,
MORRISVILLE, PA.

PAINTING, TRIMMING, &c., promptly attended to at the shortest notice. Repairing neatly done. 28

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,

DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa.

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rates. 558

Assignee's Notice.

WHEREAS, JAMES V. FOSTER of the Borough of Bristol, in the county of Bucks, and Sarah W. his wife, have executed a deed of assignment of all his property, real and personal, to William Kinsey, of the same place, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said assignor. All persons indebted to the said James V. Foster, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against him to present them without delay to WILLIAM KINSEY, Assignee.
Bristol Borough, May 18, 1878 228

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF EDMUND GRUNDY, late of Bristol Township, Bucks County, Pa., deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to
EDMUND N. GRUNDY,
WILLIAM H. GRUNDY,
ISAAC HARRISON,
Executors, Bristol, Pa
Or B. F. GILKESON, their Attorney. 230

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF LYDIA SICKLES, late of Trenton, N. J. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to JOSHUA BURTON, Administrator
Or to ANTHONY SWAIN, his Attorney. 212

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF PHINEAS STRADLING, late of Bristol Borough, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to JOHN G. SPENCER, Administrator,
217 Falls Township

Miscellaneous.

COOPER & CONARD,

PHILADELPHIA.
Immense Stocks in Every Department.

2000 PIECES
BLACK, COLORED AND FANCY
SILKS.
STRIPE AND PLAID SILKS.
Full lines, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, 90c. We have never had fancy silks at such low prices

COLORED SILKS.
Every desirable color in each of the following prices 75c, 90c, $1 00, $1 25, $1 50, $1 75, and $2 00 being one fourth less than last season

BLACK SILKS
Have probably never been so cheap selling as we are, a silk at 75c that but a short time ago was sold for $1 25. Qualities up to $3 00 equally cheap

SHAWLS.
Real India Shawls $50 to $400, Paris Broche Shawls, $6 to $60. Scotch Shawls, $6 to $15, Black Thibet Shawls, $5 to $25. Shetland Shawls $1 to $6. Friend's Shawls a specialty. American Shawls in immense variety, $2 50 and upwards

Housekeeping Goods.
Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Pillow and Sheeting Linens, Floor and Stair Linens, Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings, Flannels, Lace Curtains, Quilts, Piano and Table Covers, etc. As regards prices in this department, they are lower than for many years

5000 PIECES DRESS MATERIALS.
BLACK DRESS FABRICS.
Cashmeres, Tamis, Delaines, Henriettas, Bombazines, Alpacas, Mohairs, Grenadines, Hernanies, Camels Hair, etc., all our own importation, and retailing at about jobbers prices

FANCY DRESS GOODS,
Including a great variety of Paris novelties selected abroad. De Beges from 25c to $1 50, Mohairs and Brilliantines, 25c and upwards, Bourettes 18c to $1 00, American Dress Goods, 6¼c, and upwards, Lawns, Argandies, Zephyr Cloths, French and English Chintzes, also many real bargains at lower prices than ever before known

HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS,
Ladies' Underwear, White Goods, Embroideries, etc. As to Ladies Muslin Underwear, the prices are now so low that it seems almost economy to buy it ready made

CLOAKS, SUITS, &C.
Girls, Boys' and Infant's outfits, Sacques in Silk, Cloth, Drap De 'Ete, etc. Ladies Suits, Dress Making and Wedding Outfits

COOPER & CONARD,
THREE ADJOINING STORES
Corner of Ninth and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA. 172

HARDWARE AND IRON STORE,

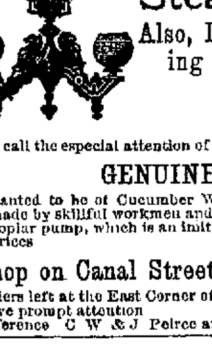
AT NO. 47 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

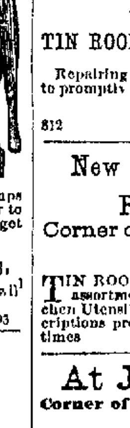
CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
IRON AND STEEL,
NAILS AND CUTLERY,
PURE PAINTS, READY MIXED FOR IMMEDIATE USE;
THE CELEBRATED BLANCHARD CHURN,
FARM AND GARDEN IMPLEMENTS
WIRE SCREEN, BEREA GRINDSTONES, GUM HOSE,
A Full Line of Locks and Bolts,
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
CORDAGE, CHAINS,
The WINDSOR COFFEE POT, the best in the world;
MRS POTTS COLD HANDLED SAD IRONS,

Hollow Ware in variety, Baskets and Brushes, Knives, Scissors and Razors, Axes of the best brands, Steel Traps, Rat Traps and Mouse Traps, Whips, Currycombs and Horse Brushes, Saddler's Hardware, Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps and Files, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Saws and Chisels, Hatchets and Hammers, &c. &c., &c. LOWEST PRICES

J. S. THOMAS,
214 47 Mill Street.

GEO. S. STONE & SON,





BRISTOL, PA.
(Formerly of Philadelphia,)
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Pipe Fitters.
Also, Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
REPAIR WORK SOLICITED

We call the especial attention of farmers and builders to our stock of

GENUINE CUCUMBER PUMPS,

Warranted to be of Cucumber Wood and the cheapest and best Pump in the market. These Pumps are made by skillful workmen and will stand the test that is claimed for them and are much superior to the poplar pump, which is an imitation of them. Don't buy elsewhere until you examine them and get our prices.

Shop on Canal Street between Washington and Lafayette Streets.
Orders left at the East Corner of Wood and Lafayette Streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.
Reference C. W. & J. Peirce and Grundy Bros and Campion 193

A NEW STOCK OF Millinery Goods.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES,
AT
MRS. WILSON RANDALLS,
No. 20 Bath Street, Bristol.

CALL AND EXAMINE. 39

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,

FOOT OF BATH STREET, Near Canal Bridge,
INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT HE WILL FURNISH BALLS, PARTIES, FAIRS AND FESTIVALS WITH
ICE CREAM
AND
FANCY CAKES,
AT SHORT NOTICE AND ON REASONABLE TERMS
CAKES IN GREAT VARIETY:
POUND, CREAM, SPONGE, FRENCH COCOANUT, &c., &c., which I will sell as cheap as any first-class baker in Bristol, or elsewhere

Ice Cream always on hand.
WEDDING CAKES BAKED AND ICED TO ORDER
Remember to call on or address
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
228 Bread, Pie, and Fancy Cake Baker, BRISTOL, PA.

Go to E. C. JOHNSON'S

FOR CHEAP BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND RUBBERS.

CUSTOM work a speciality; repairing promptly attended to. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Don't forget the place. At
E. C. JOHNSON'S,
51. No. 36 Mill Street, Bristol.

Miscellaneous.

Bristol Mills.

FLOUR, FEED, LUMBER, COAL, &c.
ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour
Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed
of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.
Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades, Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath, Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.
☞ Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.
Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

SAW MILL
at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

PLANING MILL.
Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c. of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices

SHINGLES
In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited

COAL
Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust

WOOD
Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap. CEDAR RAILS lower than usual

Grain Bought
At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
361 ROGERS BROTHERS.

A. L. PACKER,

DEALER IN
Coal, Wood, Flour,
FEED AND GRAIN.

COAL.
From the Harleigh and Lattimore Mines,
CAREFULLY PICKED AND SCREENED

EGG AND STOVE, (Delivered),	$5 00
CHESTNUT "	4 50

FLOUR.

W. & E. Thomas Best Flour, per 100,	$4 25
Good Family, "	3 75
	Per bbl
Stanton's New Process (Patent),	$10 00
Belle of Venice—St. Louis,	8 50
Pride of Canton—Ohio,	8 00
Belle of Minnesota,	8 00
New Providence—Ohio	7 50

WOOD.
OAK—Cut and Split ready for use, $2 50 per cart load
PINE—Cut and Split, ready for use, of best quality, $2 50 per cart load

All the above goods are warranted to give entire satisfaction. If not as represented will be sent for and taken back without charge.

The attention of the citizens of Bristol and vicinity is called to my very large stock now on hand of the above named articles and persons will find it to their advantage to examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited

A. L. PACKER,
Mill Street, Opposite Old Post Office,
136 BRISTOL PA

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,

WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA,
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety

Bristol Stove House,

18 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

Stoves, Parlor Heaters, Furnaces, Ranges, &c
SPRING CITY, CENTENNIAL, AND OTHER RANGES, to set in brick

All Goods Warranted.

TIN ROOFING done at lowest cash prices.

Repairing in Tin, Sheet Iron, or Copper, attended to promptly. Give me a call
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New Tin Store---Up Town.

ROBERT WARDEN,
Corner of Penn and Wood Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. A general assortment of Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Kitchen Utensils always on hand. Jobbing of all descriptions promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times. 854

At J. Milnor's Store,

Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
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Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line

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